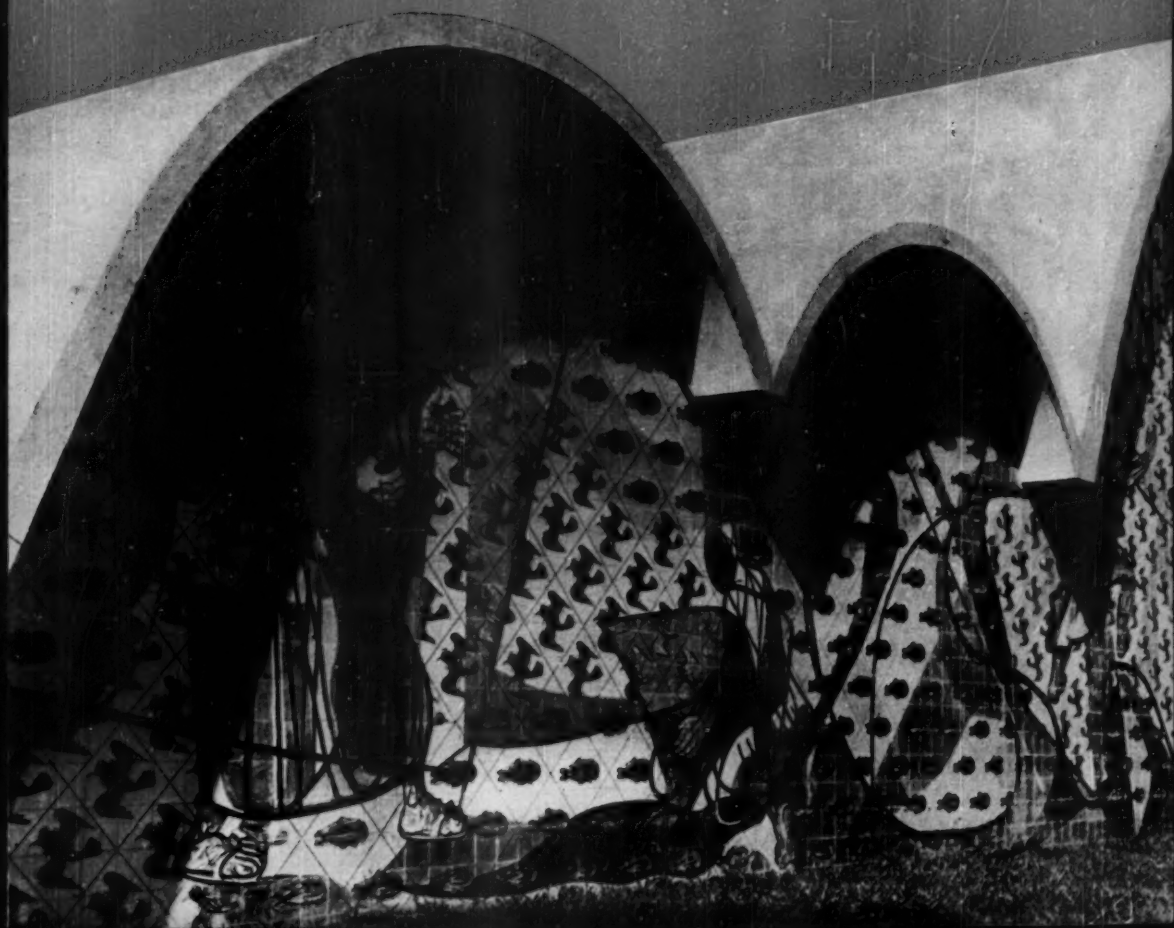
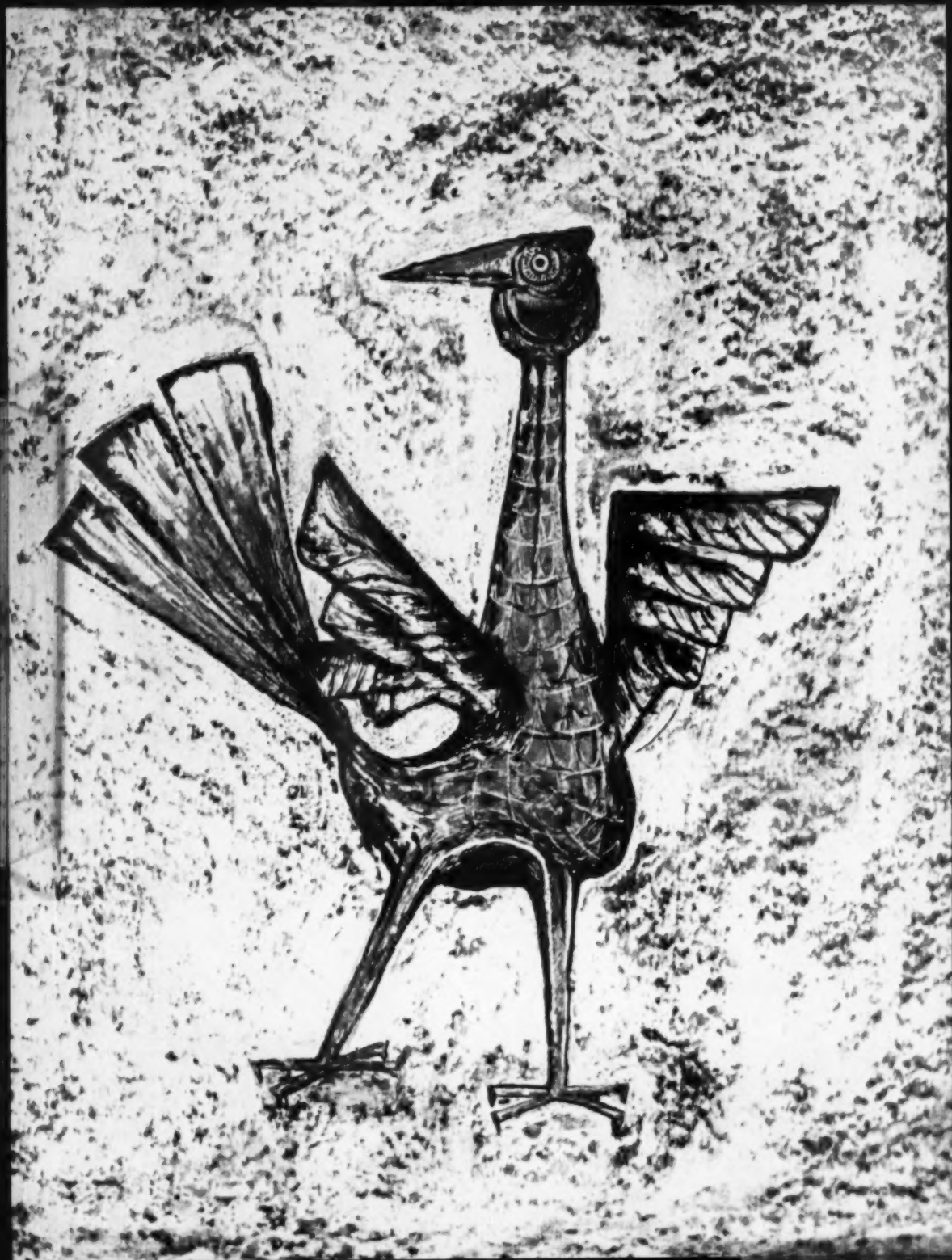


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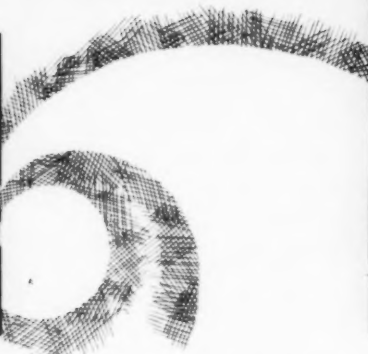
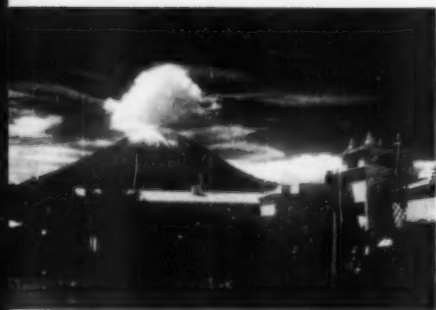
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Cover: St. Francis Chapel in Belo Horizonte, Brazilian tourist curiosity. Designed by Oscar Niemeyer, with tile murals by Cândido Portinari, the revolutionary building caused a local furor. (The church has never been consecrated.) Photograph courtesy Museum of Modern Art; plates courtesy *Craft Horizons*

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Opposite: Bird in gouache and crayon by Cuban painter Luis Martínez-Pedro, 1946



WHO'LL GET THE TOURIST DOLLAR



South American tourist attractions (left to right, top to bottom): government-owned hotel, Arequipa, Peru; Cathedral and central plaza in Quito, Ecuador; Bolivian vendors at gate to Church of the Holy Virgin of Copacabana; Country Club, Caracas, Venezuela

Francisco J. Hernández

"IT IS INCREDIBLE, not to say shocking, that most of our governments still fail to realize the tremendous importance of tourist travel as an industry, despite glaring examples of so many countries where it has become one of the main pillars of their national economy." So said a distinguished South American diplomat, home on leave after an extended absence abroad, while discussing with us the lack of a mass travel movement to South America, and what he called "the tragedy of wasted opportunities." Then, looking out over the rooftops and church belfries of his quaint colonial city to the towering Andean peaks, he added: "We have so much to offer, as much at least as any of the great tourist centers of the world, perhaps more. . . ."

He spoke mournfully, yet with pride. And why not? His country belongs to an area unrivaled in attractions to be seen and enjoyed by the traveler. Within its confines dwell all the ages. Primitive and modern go hand in hand. Strange cities that were old before history began lie beside towns born yesterday and the monumental cities of tomorrow. Descendants of the bronzed races who left their records in stone temples and strongholds may be seen mastering the intricate tools and machines of a steel age, or pursuing their arts and crafts

much as their ancestors did centuries ago. Moreover, nature has fittingly set the stage in these fascinating lands for thrilling contrasts, where sometimes the transition from the exuberant tropics to the regions of perpetual snow can be achieved in a matter of hours, even minutes, as one marvels at the swiftly changing environment reflected in plant and beast, in sky and soil, in man and his attire, his dwelling, customs, and way of life.

Latin America's natural resources are certainly plentiful enough for a sound, permanent travel industry.

Furthermore, accessibility to the main travel-generating areas of the world—which means principally the United States—is a distinct advantage, not to mention the fact that it would be decidedly safer, considering the present trend of world affairs, to stay within the peaceful haven provided by twenty-two nations with a long tradition of close cooperation and mutual understanding. This, in our opinion, ought to furnish more than the necessary incentive for governments and private enterprise to organize and vigorously promote tourism, so aptly dubbed by Mexicans the “industry without smokestacks.” Moreover, it is an established fact that travel sets in motion economic factors that bolster purchasing power, available exchange, exports and imports, and general prosperity for the countries involved.

Europe's postwar experience in the travel field is both interesting and instructive. Notwithstanding adverse conditions, the sixteen nations grouped under the European Recovery Plan have been extremely successful in garnering from the tourist trade financial returns that have substantially helped their economic rehabilitation. Estimates for 1949 reveal that 32 per cent of their total foreign-exchange receipts came from tourist travel. According to U. S. Department of Commerce figures, residents of this country spent \$313,000,000 in Western Europe during 1948-49—exclusive of transatlantic fares. True, European countries have had effective cooperation from the United States, whose Congress authorized the Economic Cooperation Administration to “facilitate and encourage the promotion and development of travel by citizens of the United States to and within the participating countries.” But the fact remains that they were willing and able to proceed without delay, individually and collectively, with a plan of action that brought results. They set their respective houses in order; established national promotion agencies administered by top-level officials; organized the European Travel Com-

mission, and undertook to invest adequate sums of money in drumming up trade. After all, they did not need special prodding to act promptly and aggressively, for they well remembered that in the decade from 1928 through 1938 U. S. visitors alone spent more than two billion dollars in the countries of Europe and the Mediterranean.

As to the future: On the basis of the prewar ratio of expenditures by U. S. citizens to the national income, particularly during the period 1923-1937, there is a strong possibility that within ten years these footloose wanderers will be spending as much as two billion a year if the present pattern of travel development continues.

Obviously, these economic benefits do not just happen. They entail thoughtful planning based on past experience. But above all, they require action and the fullest measure of cooperation among all interested parties: government, carriers, hotels, travel agencies, chambers of



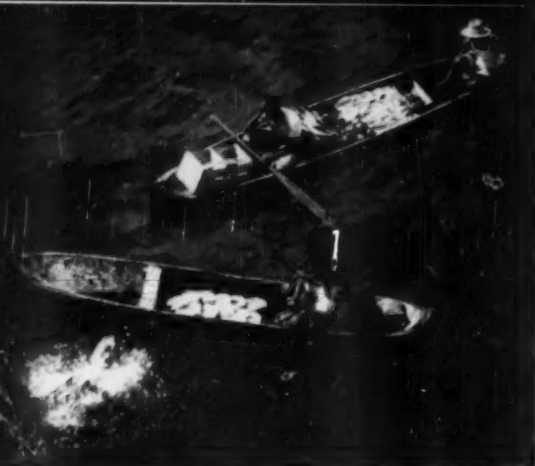
Pocitos Beach, Montevideo, one of Uruguay's many popular playgrounds



Glamour shot emphasizes beauties of Lake San Bernardino, Paraguay

commerce, and similar organizations. Conditions must be made ideal for the traveler; he must not be subjected to annoying requirements prior to the journey, such as personal appearances at consulates, so-called certificates of good conduct or police certificates—as humiliating as they are unnecessary—and other forms of red tape. (Vaccinations and inoculations should, of course, elicit no objections since they are in the traveler's own interest). Services and facilities in the host country must provide for comfort and full enjoyment of the sojourn if any hope is to be entertained for mass travel.

In this connection, most of the Western European countries (thirteen according to the latest reports) have eliminated the consular visa requirement for U. S. citizens. Reports received by the U. S. Department of Commerce indicate that ERP countries' 1950 plans for hotel rehabilitation and construction are expected to increase enormously accommodations available for the



*Pearl-shell fishers welcome cruise ships
at Cartagena, Colombia*

traveler of moderate means. Austria will spend \$702,000 on its hotel plant; Belgium has undertaken a vast expansion of its hotel capacity; the French Government has allocated three and a half billion francs to its hotel industry; Italy has authorized eight billion lire for new construction, modernization, and expansion, with an additional 1.8 billion for erection of dormitory-type accommodations; while the Scandinavian countries have already enlarged their facilities and plan still greater expansion in 1950-51. Furthermore, the strategic element of advertising has not been overlooked. So successful were the countries of the ERP group last year with their modest initial joint advertising program—only \$136,000 was appropriated for it—that the 1950 budget was increased to \$350,000. Part of this sum was earmarked for advertisements in three U. S. magazines with a circulation of over two million copies—an appeal to the mass travel market of this country, the middle-income group.

In our own Western Hemisphere, Canada stands at the top of the travel list. For years this northern neighbor of the United States has attracted the largest share of residents of this country venturing abroad. Recent estimates place the number of visitors at well over the twenty-four million mark, spending about \$275,000,000. Canada profits from the shrewd guidance of an efficient Government Travel Bureau headed by D. Leo Dolan, one of the ablest experts in the business, who also organizes an annual conference of the nine provincial government representatives and officials of the large transportation interests to formulate national travel policy. Dolan is well remembered by travel people as the very capable Permanent Chairman of the First Inter-American Travel Congress held in San Francisco in 1939. As the Canadian Government's official delegate, he attended the Second and Third Congresses in Mexico (1941) and Argentina (1949), respectively. Speaking before the National Association of U. S. Tourist Officials in 1946, Dolan said prophetically: "I presume that in a year or two the European market is going to open up, and there is a competition which you and I must pre-

pare to meet. Already we know the competition from Latin America, but again I make this submission: it is a good thing for all travel interests, whether in Canada or the United States, if this competition continues. The more we impress upon the people of this continent, indeed of this Hemisphere, that travel is an essential part of our way of life, the better it will be for all of us."

So far, the Latin American competition to which Dolan referred comes mainly from Mexico, Cuba, and other countries of the Caribbean area where tourism has at long last found its rightful place as a first-line industry (see "Sun, Sand, and Gold," by Betty Wilson, *AMERICAS*, February 1950). And it has brought in plenty of foreign exchange, particularly dollars—about 90 per cent of the \$214,000,000 spent last year by residents of the United States in all of Latin America. Mexico took in an estimated \$135,000,000, with \$57,000,000 going to the West Indies and Central America. This leaves the paltry sum of \$22,000,000 as the approximate total expenditures by residents of the United States in South America, exclusive of transportation fares.

What's wrong with this picture? Here we have ten countries with a vast wealth of attractions to offer the potential traveler and within striking distance of the world's outstanding travel market. Yet they have thus far failed to cash in on the opportunity to develop a profitable tourist industry. All this, despite the fact that the Inter-American Travel Congresses, with the goal of creating and promoting a single travel area in the Americas, have meticulously studied all phases of tourism and submitted practical recommendations that, adopted in varying degrees by Mexico and the Caribbean countries, have brought results. In particular, the steps taken to simplify entry and exit requirements have proved a boon to their travel business. Frankly speaking, there is no reason why South America's share in expenditures by U. S. travelers should not run anywhere between 100 and 150 million dollars a year.

What are the prospects for the future? Unlike our

(Continued on page 28)

Brazilian travelers and outsiders consider Carnival in Rio a "must"





The wandering bones

Frances Adams

*Spanish Royal Academy
of History believes
Columbus is buried
in this tomb in
Seville Cathedral*

I FIRST MET CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS two weeks ago at a luncheon in Toledo, Spain. As a direct descendant of the Discoverer, this twentieth-century Columbus holds for himself and his heirs the rank of Grand Admiral; in his own right he is a lieutenant in the Spanish Navy. Heir to the title Duke of Veraguas, he is also addressed as Your Excellency. He is an attractive and highly cultured young man, full of hopes for a greater Spain.

In the past few weeks I have become quite well acquainted with the other Christopher Columbus, the one who stumbled on the New World 458 years ago. You see him in every town and village, in the names of squares and avenues, in impressive monuments and a profusion of paintings, in haughty museums and cheap advertisements. Yet nobody seems to know exactly where he was born or where he is buried. No definitive answer has been found to the macabre question: Where are his bones? The issue is sharper today than ever. Seville is

seething with rumors concerning new developments on the matter—here, in Genoa, in Rome, and in America.

Much has been written on the subject. I have been trying my hand at untangling the various hypotheses, and it has been no mean task. I have seen no less than 42 first-class publications on the subject, and undoubtedly there are hundreds, even thousands of articles on it in newspapers and magazines all over the world.

According to the young Duke of Veraguas, the body of Columbus was taken to the Monastery of San Francisco

in Valladolid after his death in 1506, transferred a few years later to the Carthusian Monastery of Santa Maria de Las Cuevas on the outskirts of Seville, and shipped twenty-odd years after that to Santo Domingo to be buried in the Cathedral. The fourth sepulcher, says the Duke, was in the Havana Cathedral, where the traveling bones took refuge in 1795 (the year Spain ceded the eastern part of Hispaniola to France). When Cuba won independence from Spain in 1898, the venerable bones again took to the road, and their fifth and final resting place was the Cathedral of Seville.

The Duke's conclusions do not differ from those expressed twice and in no uncertain terms by the Spanish Royal Academy of History: in a report written by Manuel Colmeiro in October 1878, and again in one drafted in August 1946 by Antonio Ballesteros Beretta, covering 49 pages in the January-March 1947 issue of the Academy's *Bulletin*. Another advocate of this view is my erudite and distinguished friend Don Cristóbal Bermúdez Plata, Director of the *Archivo General de Indias*, which harbors many documents concerning the discovery, conquest, and colonization of the Indies. "The remains of Columbus," he tells me, "are unquestionably here in the Cathedral of Seville, and I, for one, subscribe, *de la cruz a la fecha* (from the first to the last word) to the reports of Colmeiro and Ballesteros."

There are three other principal theories about the wandering bones of the wandering Admiral. One, supported by the Dominican Republic and quite a number of historians and researchers, claims that the wrong remains were taken to Havana from the Cathedral of Ciudad Trujillo, which means that the authentic ones are still there. Another claims, with very little substantiation, that only part of the remains went from Santo Domingo to Havana and thence to Seville, the rest being still in Ciudad Trujillo. According to a slight variation of these two opinions, a golden coffer in Genoa—the most generally accepted birthplace of Columbus—contains "some" bones of the Discoverer, a gift of the Dominican Government. Not long ago a division of the U. S. Army paraded in Genoa to honor the contents of that coffer, a fact that supporters of the orthodox Sevillian theory will never forget or forgive.

The fourth and most amazing possibility concerning the remains was formulated only a few weeks ago by the Marquis of San José right here in Seville. Attempts to prove it right or wrong are being made this very day and minute in this city. The Marquis advances the theory that Columbus' remains never left the Carthusian Monastery.

Today, the twelfth of June, camera in hand, I went to look for the bones myself. In my Jeep with a New Jersey license plate, I was just another U. S. tourist. The Monastery, only a couple of miles from my hotel, is an immense walled structure on the Guadalquivir River. A dozen industrial stacks rise among the towers of the two ancient chapels, for the spot is now occupied by a ceramics factory, partly owned by the Marquis of San José.



Left: Entrance to ceramics factory that now occupies part of Carthusian Monastery in Seville



Right: Columbus' body was moved to chapel in Monastery not long after he died—is it still there?

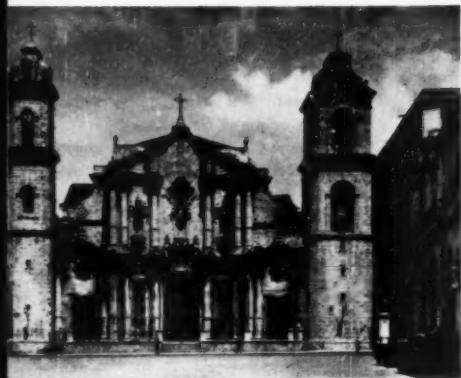


Carthusian Monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas, Seville



The Giralda, square Moorish tower of Seville Cathedral

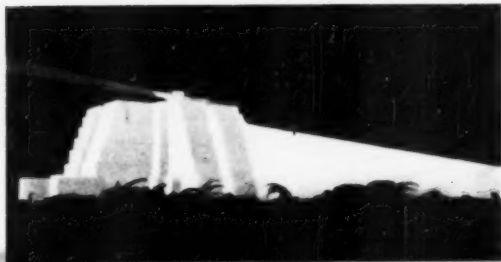
Columbus lies—
say Dominicans—in
tomb at Cathedral
in Ciudad Trujillo



Columbus Cathedral, Havana, where Columbus' remains may have spent 102 years



Above: Columbus left on first voyage from river port, Palos de la Frontera. River has since moved



I followed my guide, Elena Vega y Vega, through the labyrinth of cloisters and down aisles buzzing with workers and artists, some of them too young. We entered the Chapel of Santa Ana; at the right was the Columbus Chapel. Nothing to protect the remains. Of course, no intruder was expected, and I was just a casual visitor interested in antiques and the factory. In a four-by-four-foot area the stones had been removed from the floor, revealing the underground grave where most historians agree Columbus' bones rested for twenty-odd years in the early sixteenth century—and where, according to the Marquis, they may be still. He explained to me that he has merely raised a possibility and has placed excavation and research in the hands of the Royal Academy of History, which will make the final decision.

The excavations, begun four weeks ago, are being directed by Juan José de la Bandera, who happened to be working there today with an assistant. A previous attempt to unearth the tomb was made back in 1920, he told me, but the project was abandoned. This time they have succeeded in isolating the tomb, which had practically disappeared in the solid mass formed by underground erosion.

He pointed to an opening. "We saw the bones when we removed those tiles," he said, "but we did not touch them. We have been concentrating simply on clearing the area around the tomb. The opening was closed immediately, and has remained as you see it now."

"And how do you know they are Columbus' remains?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, "but one thing is clear to me: there are no other remains here, and only Christopher Columbus was buried in this chapel."

It was about four o'clock and Sr. de la Bandera became quite excited. At any moment he expected the experts from the Academy of History, who were to examine his findings. As we left, we saw the Commission enter the chapel.

In a garden between the two chapels there is a statue of Columbus erected by the Marquise de Pickman, widow of the founder of this factory. The inscription reads:

To Cristóbal Colón

In memory of his remains having rested
From the year MDXIII to MDXXXVI
In this Carthusian Monastery of
Santa María de las Cuevas

Each of the dates mentioned in this inscription may be slightly off, but the fact remains that the Marquise left carved testimony that the bones were actually removed from the chapel, and her descendant, the Marquis of San José, is digging a few yards away to see if they are still there. The Marquis seems to base his doubts on the fact that there was no entry in the Carthusian Fathers' daily records about the removal of the Admiral's remains. The orthodox answer is that part of the original records were destroyed, but a copy has been found, made at the time of the destruction and equally authentic, which tells of removing the bones to Santo Domingo.

Let's try to put some order in this mysterious imbroglio. Columbus died in Valladolid on May 20, 1506. One his-

Left: Columbus Memorial Lighthouse, to be built jointly by American Republics near Ciudad Trujillo, will house remains from Santo Domingo Cathedral

How many years did the Admiral's badly sifted bones remain in the Monastery of Santa María de las Cuevas? At least 28, as there is evidence that they were there in 1537. But there is considerable uncertainty about the whole matter, as if no one cared about the bones once the Admiral was gone. It is almost impossible to trace their whereabouts during the next few years. The 1946 report of the Royal Academy of History sadly admits: "We do not know where the bones of the Admiral reposed during the period 1537 to 1540 or 1541." Whatever happened to them in that interlude, they presumably found their way to Santo Domingo. When? Another unknown factor in this incredible odyssey.

Some believe they arrived in 1537 or 1538 and were kept for a time in the San Francisco Monastery, where the remains of Columbus' brother Bartolomé also stayed for a while. Others believe they were taken to Santo Domingo by Don Luis Colón, the Admiral's grandson, in 1540, the year the Cathedral was completed. Many think it was the Virreina de Indias, Doña María de Toledo, a niece of the Duke of Alba and a cousin of King Ferdinand, who took them across the ocean in 1544 along with the corpse of her husband, Don Diego, elder son of Columbus.

It seems fairly certain—if anything can be certain in this puzzle—that by 1540 or soon thereafter the remains of the Discoverer, his brother Bartolomé, his son Diego, and his grandsons Cristóbal and Luis came to rest at the Cathedral of Santo Domingo. They were interred very close to each other, and this nearness was to be the starting point of the most bizarre of all episodes in this fantastic story.

Why were they transferred to Santo Domingo? The Virreina Doña María de Toledo wrote that it was "in compliance with the Admiral's wishes." Some say there is no proof of those wishes. Yet there is the will dated May 19, 1506, in which Columbus requested his son Diego to build a chapel that was evidently destined to harbor his remains and added: "If possible, I would

(Continued on page 42)

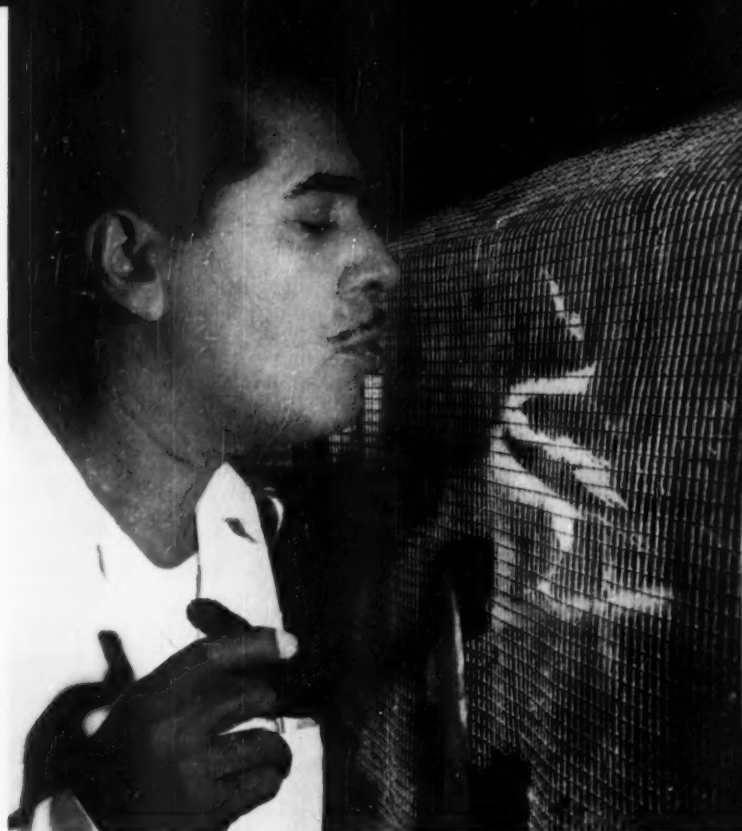


Above: Europeans pictured western ocean through which Columbus was journeying as home of strange monsters



Old woodcut of ship
like those in which
Columbus crossed
Atlantic

*Dr. Rafael Estévez
exchanges early-
morning greetings with
Venezuelan troupial*



Country doctor IN PANAMA

Scott Seegers

IN THE INTERIOR OF PANAMA one way to get respectful attention is to know the President or the Governor. Another, nearly as effective, is to be a friend of Dr. Rafael Estévez. This big, restless, Spanish-born, U.S.-educated surgeon has for the last 28 years lived and practiced in and around the little town of Aguadulce, Coclé Province, about 120 miles from the Canal Zone. But his fame extends far beyond the borders of the province. People of all classes have come from every part of the country to be treated by him, knowing that he is as careful of the insides of a peon as those of a President.

Estévez' influence is a by-product of his enormous energy and could almost be computed in mathematical ratio to his speed with a scalpel. A surgeon who quickly and painlessly removes an inflamed appendix, repairs a crippling hernia, or does a neat intestinal resection and has the patient going about his business only a few days

later can count on considerable permanent reverence from the patient. A surgeon with the stamina necessary to perform a dozen operations a day, as Estévez often does, over a period of years builds up a formidable reservoir of good will.

Estévez was one of the first doctors of his generation

to adopt early ambulation, the practice of getting the patient up and around almost immediately after abdominal surgery. Oddly enough, a highly irreverent patient was responsible for his switch to this system, which—though it has been known for centuries—has been in general use only a few years.

In 1932 a Panamanian friend was brought to the hospital in serious condition with a ruptured appendix. The doctor removed the infected remainder and sent his friend on a stretcher to bed. Next day, making his rounds in the hospital, Estévez was horrified to see his friend sitting on the edge of the bed. "Get back under those covers and lie down!" he roared.

"It's too blasted dull lying there all day," the man protested. "If I feel like sitting up, I'll sit up."

"Look," said Estévez, "you don't know how lucky you are to feel anything at all. Do you want to pull something loose so I'll have to cut you open again?" The man threw up his arms in disgust. "Quit waving your arms around, you idiot!" ordered Estévez. "Lie down!"

"I'll lie down when I get good and ready," snapped the patient.

Estévez boiled over. "Go out and jump rope for all I care. It's your funeral. But understand this: as long as you're under my care, you do what I say or I accept no responsibility for what happens to you." He stalked away, leaving the recalcitrant patient dangling his feet. Privately, he told his assistant and nurse to watch the man and call him at once if the patient seemed in pain. Next day the man was sitting in a chair beside the bed. Estévez grunted and walked past without looking at him. The following day the patient was walking slowly about the hospital. He sat down frequently to rest, but seemed in fine spirits and heckled Estévez every time the doctor came within earshot. Estévez fumed from a distance, but his curiosity overcame his annoyance. The friend was discharged in fifteen days, one-half to one-third the time usually taken to recuperate.

Bemused, Estévez experimented cautiously on his next fifty cases of abdominal operations, encouraging them to get up early if they felt like it. Those who got on their feet soonest after the operation invariably recovered faster than the others. Also, he noted less tendency toward post-operative pneumonia, adhesions, and blood clots. They were more cheerful patients, because a man up and walking around doesn't feel nearly as sick as one lying on his back nursing his stitches. Moreover, by getting out of the hospital promptly, these patients made room for others needing treatment. Estévez then made early ambulation standard post-operative routine.

In 1940, after the Third Congress of the International College of Physicians and Surgeons, he sent a paper on early ambulation to the journal of the College. This was published in the July-August issue of 1943. Soon the president of the Panama chapter got an official request to call a meeting for the purpose of congratulating Estévez.

Early in the war, the Medical Corps of the U. S. Army asked Estévez to address the Medical Corps at

the big Río Hato airbase not far from Aguadulce. Estévez described his experiments with early ambulation. From then on, the operating room in the Aguadulce hospital usually contained a couple of Army surgeons watching Estévez at work.

Another innovation, on which he worked with Major W. B. Harrel of the U. S. Army Medical Corps, is a new type of pelviscope. This is a long tube which, by a system of mirrors, permits examination of the intestines without surgery. Also, a few operations can be performed through the instrument, again avoiding the necessity of cutting into the abdomen. Estévez, who was the first man to use the new pelviscope, has taken out small cysts through it. He has also broken internal adhesions with it. The 1944 *Yearbook of Obstetrics and Gynecology* gives recognition to the instrument and its inventors.

Estévez is a bulky man, more than six feet tall, with dark eyes, bushy black eyebrows, a clear olive skin, and a mane of black hair barely touched with gray despite his fifty-two years. He seethes with violent enthusiasms, among which are the advantages of living in rural Panama; the flavor of fresh-roasted cashew nuts.

Dr. Estévez completes operation



which grow wild in Coclé; the courage and endurance of the *panameños*; his newest airplane, which he has fitted out with a stretcher seat to bring in emergency patients from inaccessible areas; the Tulane Medical School, from which he graduated; his experiments in cross-breeding local cattle with blooded stock; the beauties of Santa Clara, a nearby seaside resort he helped develop; the Marcos Robles Hospital in Aguadulce, which he directs; and the effectiveness of Stadder Pins, a new



Woman walks downstairs to bed right after abdominal operation

type of splint that permits the patient to use a broken arm or leg while the bone is healing.

The doctor expounds these and other enthusiasms in a husky voice, gesturing widely with a big Havana cigar. His costume for all occasions is suitable for the tropics: white or pale-colored slacks of rayon sharkskin and a flapping, tailless shirt of the same material. When operating, he covers this with the standard white surgeon's gown. While inspecting fences, visiting his cattle, or directing the rooting out of burned stumps in a newly cleared pasture, his spotless apparel suffers ordeals for which it was not designed. The mortality rate is high, but the doctor keeps a big supply of the garments, and changes several times a day.

How Estévez happened to land in Aguadulce in the first place is a saga of the unpredictable coincidence. The eldest of five children, he was born in the little town of Hinojosa de Duero in Salamanca Province, Spain, in almond and olive country near the border of Portugal. His father was a progressive local businessman who introduced the first piano and gas lights to Hinojosa. His father also held some liberal political opinions that presently brought about the family's move to Mexico, when Rafael was six years old. After a few months, they moved to the copper-mining town of Clifton, Arizona.

Estévez still remembers his early struggles to learn English. At first it went so slowly that he couldn't keep pace with his classmates. One day an older boy told him of a short-cut to knowledge. "Just get some chewing tobacco, chew it for a while, and swallow the juice," he said with a worldly air. "You'll be speaking per-

fect English in a couple of hours." "Caramba!" said Rafael. "Why didn't somebody tell me about this before? Where can I get some of this chewing tobacco?" "Well, I just happen to have a fine piece of Star Plug here," his mentor remarked. "I could swap it for your new tricycle, I guess, if you're serious about learning English." Rafael traded eagerly, streaked home with his treasure, and began to chew, avidly swallowing the juice and impatiently awaiting the sensation of swift knowledge. Soon, pale and sweating with nausea, he dropped the Star Plug from nerveless fingers and tottered to bed, sure that he was dying. He never told his father what became of the tricycle, and he learned English the hard way.

When he was twelve he entered the medical way of an after-school job sweeping out a drug store. Eventually he was promoted to the patent medicine counter, a magic row of shelves full of nostrums for all human ills. "I began to hang around the copper-company hospital every time I had a spare hour," he recalls. "A doctor there talked to me once in a while and let me watch him. By the time I finished grammar school I knew what I was going to be."

In high school Rafael took every possible pre-medical subject, finishing in three years. His father, who had



Removing Stadder splint from small patient's arm without anesthetic. Afterward boy said: "I thought it would hurt, but it didn't"

gone into business and prospered, sent him to Tulane. By then Rafael had forgotten how to speak Spanish, but he became friendly with a Panamanian classmate, Luis Prieto. Both graduated in 1921. At Prieto's urging, Rafael went to Panama for a visit. He liked the place and the people and decided to stay a while. He went through the intern's dreary grind in Panama's Santo Tomás Hospital and emerged a fledgling M. D. speaking a very ragged brand of Spanish. "It was a good thing they let me make my lab reports in English," he says. "Otherwise, I'd have been sunk."

Armed with his shining new credentials, Estévez got a

job as medico with the R. W. Hibbard Company, which was building a road from Panama City to Veraguas. Spattered with mud, he arrived at the road camp in the midst of a medical crisis. One of the laborers had a strangulated hernia, a complication that causes gangrene sixteen hours after it sets in. When Estévez arrived, twelve hours had passed. "There was no equipment at all in that camp," says Estévez. "It was night, and there were no electric lights. The nearest hospital was more than a day away. It was *some* spot for a brand-new 25-year-old doctor." The company's general manager tried to dissuade him. "You know, this man is pretty bad off," he said. "I think you'll lose him, operate or not. If you operate and he dies, nobody on this job will have a nickel's worth of confidence in you. Better just let him alone."

The wife of one of the engineers on the job was a Canadian registered nurse, nearly twice the age of the nervous young doctor. With her help, Estévez got some bed sheets, which he boiled along with the instruments from his medical kit. Meantime, an empty room had been scrubbed out as well as possible. Estévez wrapped both himself and the nurse in the wet but sterile sheets, gave the patient a spinal anesthetic, and performed the operation by flashlight. The man recovered, and faith in the new doctor soared.

For several years Estévez faithfully made the rounds of the primitive road camps, traveling by mule, dugout canoe, and motor launch. As the road improved, he got a motorcycle, and later a Model T Ford. He continued to work for the Hibbard Company until 1927, when their contract ended. By this time, he had made many friends in the region, so he stayed on in private practice. Meanwhile, his high-school sweetheart, Melsina McWilliams, came to Panama, and they married and bought a house in Aguadulce. His bride, who was of Spanish and Irish ancestry, also liked the small-town life and enjoyed the people.

Among Estévez' friends was the wealthy Chiari family, owners of extensive sugar plantations around Aguadulce. The head of the family, Rodolfo, had constantly encouraged Estévez to stay in Aguadulce. "Only on one condition, Don Rodolfo," Estévez always replied. "That when you become President, you build a hospital here. The people need one, and I need one. Any surgeon deteriorates in a small town without a hospital. I'm not going to turn into a country pill-roller." Chiari always agreed. "It's a deal. When I become President, Aguadulce will get a hospital."

Somewhat to the surprise of both men, Chiari became President. After considerable time had passed, Estévez showed up at the Presidential Palace. "I've come to get my hospital," he said. Chiari looked troubled. "I don't know where it's coming from this year, Rafael," he said, and held out a big sheet of paper covered with figures. "Here's the whole list of appropriations. Every nickel of the budget is earmarked for something. Maybe next year. . . ." Estévez started down the list. Halfway down he put a big, blunt finger on an item. "There's my hospital!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Look."



Aguadulce, Province of Coclé, from the air. Dr. Estévez started private practice in Panamanian town twenty-three years ago

Below: Air view of Estévez' hospital. Building in rear came from abandoned U. S. airbase, houses offices and consultation room



Chiari saw the doctor's fingernail menacing a line that read: "Bridge in Chiriquí Province, \$50,000."

"Hey, I can't do that," he protested. "The *chiricano* senators would skin me alive. They've been after that bridge for years. Besides the money's already appropriated for that purpose. It wouldn't be legal. . . ." "All right, I'll settle for an illegal hospital," said Estévez cheerfully. "If I keep the Chiriquí senators off your neck, will you use that money for a hospital in Aguadulce?"

"Of course, Rafael," answered the President. "But how will you do it? You know those *chiricanos*."

One at a time Estévez tracked down the senators and deputies. He reminded them of the hundreds of patients from Chiriquí he had treated gratis and told them that their constituents in need of medical attention would be vastly more grateful for a hospital within reasonable distance than they would for a bridge. "They've been getting across that river since before either of us was born. They can keep on the same way for a few more years." The sixty-bed building opened September 28, 1928, just three days before the end of Chiari's term. Estévez was appointed director, a post he has continued to hold at considerable cost to himself. In the 22 years since it opened, he has treated more than a hundred thousand people, most of them gratis.

Estévez' day revolves about the hospital, though his private practice is infinitely more profitable. He rolls out of bed each morning at 5:30, lights a big Havana cigar, and smokes about half of it before bathing and shaving. After exercising for a few minutes, he heads for the hospital, stopping on the way out for a loud but wordless conversation with a yellow-and-black trouplian from Venezuela. At the hospital he checks the progress of each patient and with his assistant goes over the list of scheduled operations. There are seldom fewer than four or five, and they have run as high as sixteen. An average day includes eight or nine major operations. If the list is heavy, he will begin operating at once. Estévez performs surgery with an assembly-line technique. As the nurses prepare the patient, Estévez, in the anteroom, takes a long draw on his cigar, lays it on the corner of a table, scrubs up vigorously, and walks into the operating room. Shortly afterward he strolls back into the anteroom stripping off the rubber gloves, picks up his still-burning cigar, and takes a long puff. A typical appendectomy takes about seven minutes from the incision to the next puff on the cigar. I watched him remove a badly adhered appendix through an incision barely more than an inch long in just under ten minutes. The patient, under a local anesthetic, got off the operating table and walked downstairs to bed.

About seven o'clock Estévez goes home for breakfast, which consists of three or four oranges, powdered coffee imported from the United States, and a cigar. Afterward he returns to the hospital to operate until lunch time. For lunch he generally has a few more oranges, a couple of soft-boiled eggs, a vegetable, and a cigar. If the morning has been heavy, he takes a short siesta. Usually,

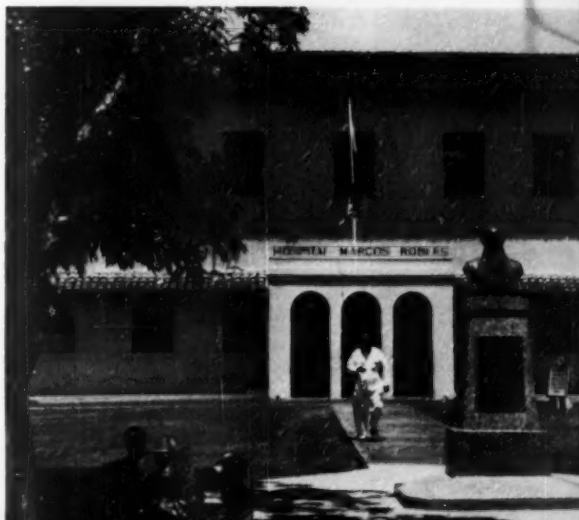
however, he goes back for more operations, returning about four o'clock to see his private patients in the office of his home.

To Estévez, his big Corona Breve cigars are as integral as his lungs. Every three months he orders a lot of a thousand from Havana. Occasionally, when he forgets to order, or the shipment is delayed, the doctor runs out of cigars. Desperately he nurses the last dozen or so to the vanishing point, haunting the post office for news of his shipment. Just about the time he reaches the last puff of the last cigar, his wife casually holds up a Corona Breve, about three-quarters its original length and slightly chewed at one end. "What am I offered for this fine cigar?" she asks. Estévez often puts down a cigar after smoking only a fraction of it, forgets it, and lights another. His wife collects the abandoned ones, snips off the smoked ends, and hoards them until a cigar famine looms. In quantity, the cigars cost Estévez thirteen cents, but she sells them to him at prices ranging from 25 cents to a dollar, depending on his degree of desperation.

Mrs. Estévez, incidentally, is a good businesswoman in other ways. When the U. S. airbase at Aguadulce was dismantled a couple of years ago, she purchased a small ice-cream-making unit from the officer in charge of liquidation. For distribution she bought a small motor-scooter, and hired a local lad to sell the ice cream. This year she took a three-month trip to Europe on the accumulated profits. Estévez cites this as an example both of his wife's acumen and of the endless business opportunities in the interior of Panama. "Why, everything around here is just begging to be developed!" he says enthusiastically. "A man can make a success at almost anything. Just look at my dairy."

His dairy is worth looking at. In 1941, in partnership with a friend, he rounded up some milk cattle and began supplying milk to the Army, which up to then had been using milk shipped from the States. Today Estévez' own dairy herd produces about a thousand quarts a day, and his partner's somewhat more. They

(Continued on page 40)



Right: Estévez leaves Marcos Robles Hospital, built in 1928 on outskirts of Aguadulce

Emilio Romero*Porfirio Diaz Ron**Elma Flores Chinaro**Fernando Belaunde Terry**César A. Carrillo Salinas*

SPEECHES AND FORMAL RESOLUTIONS often hamstringing international gatherings. Speeches fill the air with noisy hypotheses and are inclined to degenerate into elocution contests, while resolutions, like a sedative, give delegates a sense of having solved the problems that are up for consideration. In laying the groundwork for the First Regional Seminar on Social Affairs in Ecuador, PAU planners were determined to steer clear of both pitfalls.

Scheduled for the last week in May, the Seminar included representatives from six countries—Bolivians, Colombians, Ecuadoreans, Panamanians, Peruvians, and Venezuelans. Ancient Quito, the beautiful 9,000-foot-high Ecuadorean capital at the foot of majestic Mt. Pichincha, played host. The *Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana* (Ecuadorean Cultural Center) provided the quarters, its staff obligingly moving into a small room in the organization's radio station.

The PAU Division of Labor and Social Affairs was careful not to organize an artificial seminar—something prepared in Washington and foreign to the interests of the countries concerned. The opinions of experts in the field and technical organizations in the participating countries were sought all along the way, and tentative programs were submitted to them for criticism. To arouse public interest and explain the Seminar's practical aims, the Chief of the Division toured those countries shortly before the meeting opened.

At four round tables the 43 delegates, 73 observers, and the eight-man PAU delegation sat down to discuss subjects considered basic to the social welfare of the peoples of the six countries: cooperatives, workers' education, low-cost housing and city planning, and social-work techniques. Each table was headed by a PAU specialist in that field, trained in group discussion methods; the point was to get every delegate to participate actively in an "organized conversation" so that conclusions could be reached cooperatively. The atmosphere was one of frankness and friendliness. Participants were concerned solely with how to solve their urgent

Luis Carlos Mancini*Reni Halconruy**Carlos Guillén**Gustavo Adolfo Otero**Theo R. Cuervo**Anne Mac Auliff**Anatole Solow**Jaime Bonilla Plata**Walter Pettit**Dr. Vergara**Sergio Carvallo*

problems. Speeches were ruled out, and group discussion was maintained to the end with strict discipline and efficiency. Formal resolutions were not accepted. Instead of decisions reached by a few delegates with the passive consent of a majority, the Seminar wanted group action.

For each topic on the agenda the Union prepared a "working paper" designed to stimulate debate and keep it to the point. Every delegate and observer received one, along with a folder containing basic reference material on the subject. Technical films and exhibits presented the issues graphically.

The four topics under discussion were all part of the central idea of community organization. This is the high-sounding name for the social-work process of investigating, mobilizing, and coordinating all the resources of a given community toward self-help. The idea is to promote the democratic way of life by encouraging private initiative, building local self-confi-

QUITO

Seminar

Luis Carlos Mancini

dence, leading to organized, effective, and intelligent participation in community life. For the first time, a Latin American gathering made a systematic study of the techniques of community organization, arousing considerable interest among those present.

Public sessions were held to let institutions and the public in on what was going on. Technical discussions were translated into the layman's language, and films portrayed the modern solutions various countries have found for old problems. The Casa de la Cultura's radio station broadcast five special round-table programs. Half a dozen lectures were given at Central University, while press coverage indicated an excellent grasp of the Seminar's goals.

News of the objectivity and efficiency of the Seminar's work traveled fast, and people came from various parts of the country for help. One day the cooperatives round table received a surprise visit from two Indian chiefs in charge of the Rural Cooperative of Tigua, in the interior. They attended four sessions, exchanging views with the delegates.

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Right: Exhibits from various countries form background for housing and city-planning round-table session



Members of Quito Seminar Organizing Committee call on Ecuador's President: (from left) Dr. Gustavo A. Otero, Bolivian Minister to Ecuador; President Galo Plaza, shaking hands with PAU's Dr. Luis Carlos Mancini; Peruvian delegate Dr. César A. Carrillo Salinas; and Sr. Bolívar Paredes Zarama of the Ecuadorean Ministry of Foreign Affairs



PAU delegation to the Seminar. Left to right: Sergio Carrillo, Dr. Mancini, Fernando Chaves, Walter Pettit, Dolores Martin, Carlos Guillén, Theo Crevenna, Anatole Solow



Spokesmen for rural cooperatives join round table on problems of their organizations



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Eduardo F. Mendilaharsu

FEW THINGS IN AMERICA are as disheartening as the anarchy prevailing in the field of international—and even national—protection of literary and artistic works. The cause of this unhappy state of affairs can be summed up in two words: indolence and cupidity. The indolence of almost all the legislative leaders, the cupidity of almost all the directors of authors' societies.

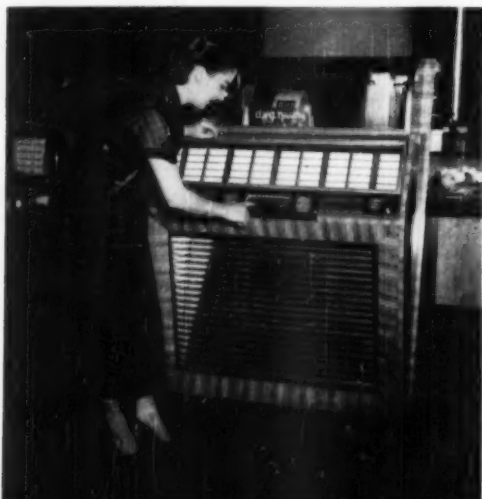
The laziness—made up of insensibility and misunderstanding—on the part of those who direct legislation (and jurisprudence is virtually legislation) is probably historical in origin. Because of our incomplete cultural development and the predominance of improvised art and literature in the past, Americans have the idea that "intellectual work" is the product of "outbursts of the heart." It is considered a release of a dammed-up inner resource, in no way comparable to the painful process of gestation and birth. Speaking of the glib writers who have been so abundant in our continent, the splendid Franco-Argentine critic Groussac put it like this: "They conceive without effort and give birth without pain."

So no recognition is given to the right to legal protection of this supposedly simple overflow of an inner

resource—no longer an accurate definition, although it sometimes was in the past. For the demands of artistic work today generally make intellectual production a painful accouchement. The notable art historian and critic Landsberg shrewdly observed that the main thing in artistic creation is not the invention of a new content, but the triumph over the inhibitions imposed by form.

But, through prejudice and habit, people continue to consider that products of the mind—so easy—should be available to anyone, just like the flowers and fruit of the virgin forest. They do not admit that there are good reasons why their enjoyment should be subordinated to the wishes or interests of the author. All over America we find innumerable people who think that the legal and honest thing to do when they organize a dance, for example, is to pay for the hall, the orchestra, the lighting—in short, for everything except the rights of the composer of the music. Perhaps what happens in the United States is worse. There the composer does not get a cent of the \$300,000,000 or more that the juke boxes take in every year for playing his music.

Now consider the greed of the directors of authors' societies, the most serious evil besetting those organizations. Authors' associations have been less successful than any other civil societies in escaping exploitation by their leaders. This is particularly true of organizations that collect the so-called "small rights" for the performance of popular music. More than other groups, they have encouraged the growth of their directors' greed because of the well-known idiosyncrasies of intellectual workers. The Argentine specialist in administrative law, Rafael Bielsa, objecting to Draconian formalities as an inherent requisite for protection, cites the "negligence



U.S. copyright law doesn't cover performances of recorded music; fancy juke boxes scoop up millions, but not for composers

or indifference so characteristic of writers, scientists, or artists." This almost always leads them to ignore everything about their work—particularly what happens to it economically—except the process of its creation and embodiment.

The very authors' associations, virtually converted into commercial enterprises for the exclusive benefit of their directors, turn on the members, sacrificing them on their own altar. It is a paradoxical and extremely grave problem everywhere. Belgium has appointed a special committee to plan a system for controlling the "small rights" societies. In Brazil a noisy suit against the local member of CISAC (International Confederation of Societies of Authors and Composers) has recently revealed the rapid enrichment of certain directors and, among others, one case of fraud involving more than five million cruzeiros (approximately \$200,000 U. S.). This took place over a period of five years at the expense of composers residing abroad—apparently tolerated by CISAC's so-called "Pan American Council," for we cannot suppose that it remained ignorant of facts brought out in notorious public trials.

In my opinion, all the societies collecting "small

rights" in America have much the same shortcomings, their faults differing only in degree. In all honesty I must point out that the Argentine association in the field, which I have severely criticized, is now undergoing a profound purification, inspired by new men. This is producing valuable results that I hope will make it an honest and effective administrator of the authors' rights, to their benefit and the directors' credit.

The fact that the society directors do business at the expense of their members explains another paradoxical fact—namely, that for all practical purposes, those societies have not shown any interest in winning approval of the international conventions on copyright (though the Argentine association is now taking a new tack on this question). It is easy to see why: Without the protection imposed by law, the foreign composer is dependent on the good will of the national association (meaning of its directors). For, in reality, it collects the foreigner's fees and sends them to him only when this suits the directors' convenience.

In my own country, it was due to the efforts of the Argentine Institute of Intellectual Rights, rather than to the authors' societies, that the Argentines took to Washing-

RECIPROCAL COPYRIGHT PROTECTION

Under inter-American conventions or bilateral agreements, reciprocal protection is provided in each country marked by a dot on the same line, to works copyrighted in countries listed at left. Blank spaces indicate no agreement in force.

	ARGENTINA	BOLIVIA	BRAZIL	CHILE	COLOMBIA	COSTA RICA	CUBA	DOM. REPUBLIC	ECUADOR	EL SALVADOR	GUATEMALA	HAITI	HONDURAS	MEXICO	NICARAGUA	PANAMA	PARAGUAY	PERU	UNITED STATES	URUGUAY	VENEZUELA
ARGENTINA	★	●	●		●	●		●	●		●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	
BOLIVIA	●	★						●	●					●			●	●		●	
BRAZIL	●	●	★	●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	
CHILE			●	★		●			●	●	●	●	●		●	●			●		
COLOMBIA	●		●		★	●		●	●		●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	
COSTA RICA	●		●	●	●	★		●	●	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	
CUBA							★												●		
DOM. REPUBLIC	●	●	●		●	●		★	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	
ECUADOR	●	●	●	●	●			●	★		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
EL SALVADOR			●	●		●		●	●	★	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
GUATEMALA	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	●	★	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●
HAITI	●		●		●	●			●		●	★	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●
HONDURAS	●	●	●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	★	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
MEXICO		●	●					●	●				●	★	●		●		●		
NICARAGUA	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●		★	●	●	●	●	●	●
PANAMA	●		●	●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	●		●	★	●	●	●	●	●
PARAGUAY	●	●	●		●	●			●		●	●	●	●	●		★	●	●	●	●
PERU	●	●	●		●	●		●	●		●	●	●		●	●	●	★	●	●	●
UNITED STATES	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	★	●	●
URUGUAY	●	●	●		●	●		●	●		●	●	●		●	●	●	●	●	★	●
VENEZUELA									●	●								●			★

tion a project for an inter-American convention, which was adopted substantially as we presented it; that Argentina ratified the Buenos Aires Convention; and that it sent at least an "observer" to the 1943 Brussels Conference to reform the Berne Convention. On the suggestion of the Institute, the Inter-Society Council of Intellectual Work asked the Ministry of Education to send an observer, while, behind the scenes, the Society of Authors representative tried unsuccessfully to prevent his appointment. Shortly afterward, at the CISAC meeting in Buenos Aires, the same representative appeared as the champion of our adherence to the Berne agreement.

How does it happen that the agencies in each country can collect the foreign composers' "small rights" and then remain free to send them on or not at will? It boils down to this:

Collecting the "small rights" (a few cents more or less for each performance) is a difficult task. It would be impossible for the composer to monitor all the performances and go around collecting for them, always listening, seeking a penny here and a penny there for innumerable performances scattered all over the city or country. Moreover, court action, where possible, is costly for an author to maintain alone, for he must establish the fact of the violation, prove that it constituted a legal offense, and so on. In contrast, associated together the authors build common, specialized agencies to administer and defend their rights. Specifically, they can have a set of field inspectors to check on performances in halls or night clubs, offices to monitor radio performances, legal advisers paid cooperatively, and so on. This defense organization reaches into the international field through confederation of societies for mutual action. Because of these special conditions under which the control and collection of "small rights" must be made, the grouping of composers is essential, and for the same reason appropriate laws are provided to facilitate and stimulate such association.

In this connection, the resplendent Mexican copyright law in force since December 31, 1947, provides detailed rules for the authors' associations. Also, the Conference of Experts that approved the 1946 Washington Convention, in its seventh recommendation, emphasized the need for "development and regulation of non-profit associations, of bona fide authors, to enable them adequately to protect their members."

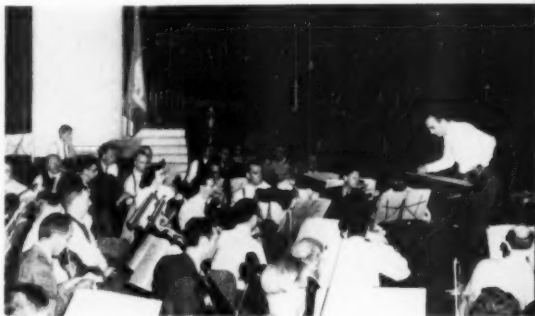
But, when not appropriately regulated by the State, the association of authors—especially composers of popular music—becomes a double-edged weapon. For while it allows them an effective defense of their rights, it also creates a monopoly in the disposal of performance rights, suppressing free competition. By the act of joining, according to the associations' statutes, the composer perforce hands over to the directing officials complete control of his repertoire, in respect to performance and sometimes also recording rights. The statutes of the Argentine Society of Authors and Composers (SADAIC), for example, demonstrate the complete substitution of the Society for the composer in the control of these rights.



In book publishing, "pirated" editions are still a problem where international copyright agreement is lacking



Largest share of radio time goes to music, live or "canned"



Washington's National Symphony Orchestra rehearses for a concert. Most classical music is in public domain through expiration of copyright

Thus Article 14 states categorically: "The entrance of the member into the organization . . . means that he delegates to the Society, without any reservation, the following rights and powers . . ." (which include those of disposing of performance and recording rights). This is carried to an extreme in the legally invalid clause that provides that this delegation shall continue in favor of the agency for five years, if the member or holder of the rights is separated from the Society for any reason.

The effects of the monopoly are carried further and it becomes stronger when a society joins with those of other countries in a confederation. By mutual agreement, each society is given complete control in its own territory of all the repertoires of federation members. Thus it acquires a solid monopoly of the disposition of both local and foreign authors' rights.

Because of just such conditions, the U. S. Attorney General brought suit against the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP) in 1947, for violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in dealings with the international confederation (CISAC) and societies in other countries. At the time, ASCAP was preparing to become a formal member of CISAC. The complaint stated that ASCAP, "an unincorporated association of leading United States publishers, composers, and authors of musical compositions . . . is the world's largest

musical performing-rights society and controls virtually all musical performing rights in the United States. . . . Musical performing rights are of great commercial value."

ASCAP and the other conspirators, it was charged, established "monopolies in the territories assigned to them for the musical performing rights to virtually all the world's musical compositions not in the public domain. . . . denied other performing-rights societies access to such music, thereby seriously affecting and impairing their ability to enter or remain in the business of licensing musical performing rights, . . . retarded the introduction of foreign musical compositions in the United States, and . . . hampered the international exchange of music and culture."

[In March of this year, a judgment entered by consent of both parties to the suit required ASCAP to cancel all exclusive-rights agreements with other societies and enjoined it from using various discriminatory or monopolistic practices. At the same time, an earlier judgment on certain domestic operations of ASCAP, including charges to radio stations, was amended, clarifying the association's relations with motion picture users of copyright music and requiring its revenues to be distributed on a basis giving primary consideration to the performance of members' compositions, as determined by objective surveys.—*Ed.*]

Dr. Hermano Duval, who was technical adviser of the Brazilian delegation to the 1946 Washington Conference, has pointed out that monopoly has developed along similar lines in Brazil.

Because of the difficulty of collecting the "small rights" due the composer for each of his works, the societies charge for the repertoire they administer rather than for individual works. Thus they receive a total sum for all the music performed on a radio program, at a public dance, concert, or the like, for the repertoire in general, regardless of the number of works actually performed. Add to this the discrimination between the various composers in distributing the money collected (composers' shares are often determined by how long they have belonged to the association, rather than by how much their music is played), and the monopoly in collecting fees practically dictated by some national laws. All this gives rise to a completely arbitrary system. But it is also elastic—a balloon that can be blown up or deflated as the directors of the societies desire, leaving the agency free to recognize or ignore the rights of foreign authors, particularly in countries where there are no anti-trust laws or where they are a dead letter.

Such discrimination, moreover, is equally prejudicial to authors in their own country when the State does not control the matter, for the mechanism for liquidating the proceeds—the "classification of the compositions" is so complicated that it makes possible all kinds of manipulation against the average author. For this reason, the need for effective governmental control is being felt everywhere.

In a good many years of active professional life, I have seen enough of the attitude with which administrative

officials and judges apply the laws for protection of "intellectual work" to have no illusions about the effects of national laws or international conventions in a spiritual climate unsoftened by at least a little sensibility or understanding. Which is to say appreciation, evaluation of "intellectual work" above and beyond petty group interests.

"The human ideal—progress, justice—is a problem of sensibility," according to the brilliant phrase of the great Spanish critic and sociologist Azorín. It will never become a reality so long as people feel and think about intellectual work the way the redskin explained his concept of good and evil to Morgan: "It is good to steal your friend's wife, and bad to have him steal yours."

As far as popular music is concerned, I am afraid the international conventions, especially the Buenos Aires Convention, will have very little beneficial effect, for the administrative defects of the authors' societies certainly are not to be remedied by such conventions.

What provision of the Buenos Aires Convention, or even of the Washington Convention, could prevent a Brazilian association from fabricating soulless tangos, without the feeling of the people, to make up its lack of an Argentine repertoire? For the Argentine repertoire was held exclusively by another Brazilian association sponsored by the U. S. society ASCAP as part of its fight with the North American broadcasting companies, which also cut down performance of Argentine music in the United States. What provision of the Buenos Aires Convention can win back for the composers the U. S. rights to the best of Mexican and Cuban music, which have passed into the public domain there because of absurd provisions of Mexico's and Cuba's own laws in respect to the formality of registration?

The truth is that one must add still more shadows to the picture of this Dantesque dark forest, especially in connection with popular music. For example, there is the man of the people who has the soul of an artist from birth, who creates but does not know how to write down his music, or who, in his Bohemian way, sells the rights to his life's work for a little money—"a plate of lentils." He, particularly, must break the iron circle of performers organized as a monopoly—especially of orchestras—if he wants to make his works known. Argentine law provides for "deposit in custody" of unpublished works, specifically to give the author proof of his authorship before turning his manuscript over to a publisher, movie producer, or theater director. These people often used to take advantage of the author's good faith, plagiarizing or completely usurping his work. But for this deposit the work must be written down, since the author must give the registrar a copy for safekeeping. A composer who does not know how to write music cannot enjoy the full protection of this defense, for he must depend on the good faith of the intermediary who transcribes his work. And here is the ambush: the scribe can make a mockery of good faith, keeping the music and registering it in his own name, or making himself a collaborator as the price of his assistance.

(Continued on page 41)



Local musicians play at fiesta honoring former Governor Piñero on his visit to small island of Culebra

A WEALTH OF FOLK MUSIC is hidden in the hills of the little Caribbean island of Puerto Rico, traditionally known as Borinquén. There the *jibaro* or country dweller strums a guitar and sings the songs his father sang before him—songs that in some form or other can be found in every land colonized by the Spaniards. During the year he and his whole family may gather with others for a singing contest, and in May, the traditional singing of the rosary climaxes his religious expression.

The spontaneous musical outpouring of the Puerto Ricans, especially the country people, is a fascinating index to their ethnic background. Not easily distinguished but undeniably present is a heritage from the *areytos*, the songs of the Indians on Borinquén when it was discovered by Christopher Columbus. The Spanish influence is particularly strong. Many folk songs have been transplanted from Spain almost intact; others have been adapted to the different physical environment on the island. Much of the music makes use of African rhythms imported by Negro slaves, and some songs are purely Negro in origin. Since the beginning of the

twentieth century, North American and Cuban jazz has filtered in through radio and juke box. Some authorities feel that the earlier folk music is being dissipated by these forces; others contend that, though the music may undergo change, its essential characteristics will never be lost.

The Spanish musical influence is perhaps most obvious in the charming Christmas carols or *aguinaldos* (literally, "gifts"). Throughout the Yule season bands of carolers go from house to house with their gifts of song, expecting in return some small coin or refreshment. There is no set form for the songs: many are gay; others are slower and more meditative. Two-four meter is customary, and one quickly spots the dotted eighth and sixteenth rhythm and the two-against-three figure so common in all Puerto Rican music. Traditional accompaniment is by two guitars and a *güiro* or bottle gourd. Among the most popular *aguinaldos* or *villancicos*, as they are also called, are *Venid Pastorcillos* (Come, Little Shepherds), *El Niño Jesús* (The Christ Child), *Los Reyes de Oriente* (The Three Wise Men), *Flores de Navidad* (Christmas Flowers), and *Si me dan Pasteles*

Songs of the Jibaro

Elizabeth Searle Lamb



These bongo drums are used for bomba dance. When the music stops, dancers take turns improvising verses

(If They Give Me Sweets). Some are pure Castilian; others show a fusion of the Spanish with other elements. The charm of these little songs lies chiefly in their lovely melodies and their very simplicity.

Puerto Rican cradle songs or *nanas*, crooned in every grass-roof shack or scrap-lumber hut, have melodies in the Phrygian or Aeolian modes, differing only minutely from the lullabies of Andalusia or Castile. In the same way the game songs played by youngsters all over the island remain essentially the same, with very slight differences. Every little street urchin knows and sings *Arroz con Leche* (Rice with Milk), *Doña Ana no está aquí* (Doña Ana Isn't Here), and *Aseerín, Aseerán, los Maderos de San Juan*. The popular *Mambrú se fué a la guerra* (Mambrú Went to War) came through Spain from eighteenth-century France, "Mambrú" being a corruption of Marlborough. *A la Limón* is met in other parts of Spanish America as *Lirón*, *Lirón* and stems from the Spanish *Al Alirón*. María Cadilla de Martínez, authority on Puerto Rican folk music, points out in her book *Juegos y Canciones Infantiles de Puerto Rico* (Children's Games and Songs of Puerto Rico) that through Spanish influence the island has also received some Greco-Roman,



At a *rosario cantado*, religious celebration featuring group singing, near Rio Piedras

Hebrew, Moslem, and Celto-Germanic heritage. Certainly these game songs make a fascinating study when related to the Spanish folk music and to similar songs found in Central and South America.

Again in the *seis* and closely related *mariandá* the Hispanic influence is important. These lively dance songs are in three-quarter or six-eighths meter, with definite melodic sections from four to eight measures long. Two to four measures of introduction are often yodeled or filled with meaningless phrases. One of the most interesting phenomena of Puerto Rican folk music appears in the texts of these dances. The *décima*, a ten-line stanza in octo-syllabic verse, was a fairly common verse form, and its rhyme scheme of ABBAACDDC was frequently used in early Spanish poetry. Partially because of its difficulty, it has since been almost entirely abandoned everywhere except in Puerto Rico. There contests are held in which participants improvise *décimas*. Frequently a quatrain will be given out, and the contestant will improvise four *décimas*, each ending with one of the lines of the quatrain.

(Continued on page 45)

STANFORD LOOKS AT BRAZIL

Hernane Tavares de Sá



Brazilian Ambassador Mauricio Nabuco and his sister Carolina. Stanford translated and published her biography of their father Joaquim

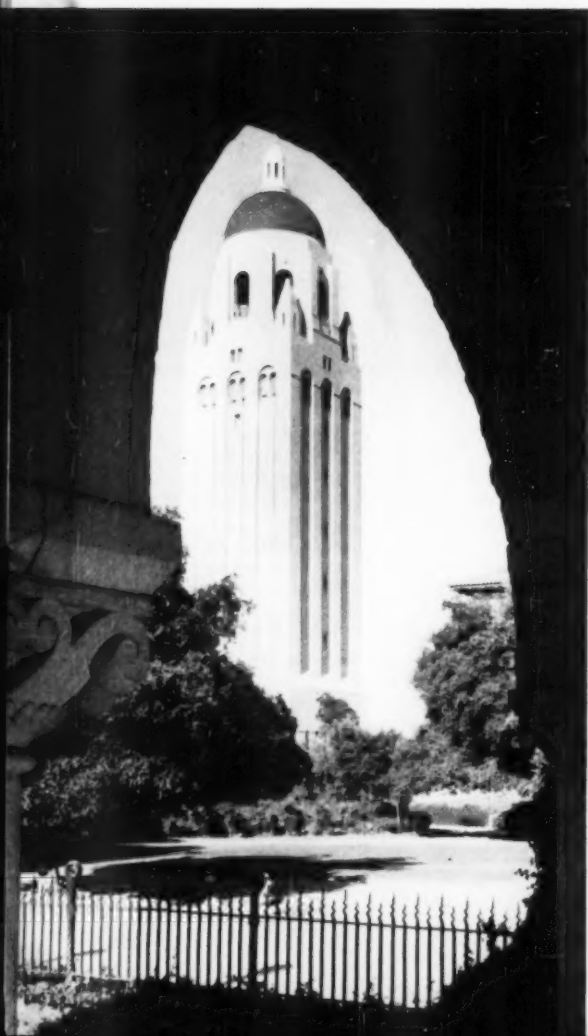
THE STANFORD CONFERENCE ON BRAZIL May 29 and 30 brought together on the handsome west coast university campus over a hundred delegates from all parts of the United States. The gathering was highlighted by the presence of Brazilian Ambassador Mauricio Nabuco, who gave the key address, and his sister Miss Carolina Nabuco, who was presented with the first copy—just off the university press—of the English translation of her biography of their famous father, Joaquim Nabuco.

The Conference might well set a precedent. The fact that the meeting was dedicated exclusively to one Latin American country was in itself a departure from the established tradition of lumping together twenty nations with diverse cultural, economic, and linguistic backgrounds as if they were a homogeneous unit. Eclecticism was a dominant note of the Conference. Scholars and professors were by no means an overwhelming majority. Representatives of the steel industry, the oil interests, the commercial aviation companies, the American Federation of Labor, were also present. And there was a distinguished group of U. S. Government officials representing the State Department, the Department of Commerce, the Department of Interior, the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

The agenda embraced three wide fields—"Brazil and its Possibilities," "Brazilian Studies in the United States," and "U.S.-Brazilian Relations" in their political, economic, and cultural aspects.

Fifty minutes were allotted to each of the ten panels into which the Conference was divided—the chairman, the six panel members, and the audience sharing the floor. Panel members were given five minutes each to express their views. Terse as they were, almost every speaker overstepped his allotted time by two or three minutes. As a result, the twenty minutes for general audience debate, questions from the floor, and criticisms often shrank into insignificance, and several discussions had to be cut short. This was rather disappointing, since the

Hoover Tower at Stanford University, California, scene of Conference on Brazil



large audience that sat attentively through all the sessions was of exceptional caliber and had much to contribute.

Some of the addresses told of fresh developments. Thus Porter Norris of Pan American Airways spoke of the westward shifting of the trunk air route between North and South America to follow the "Great Diagonal" of Brazil—the line that can be drawn from Manaus, a thousand miles up the Amazon, to Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, where population and industry are concentrated. For many years it was known that the direct route between New York and the great cities of Brazil should pass over the jungles of Mato Grosso instead of skirting the coast through Belém, the Amazon's easternmost city. But until facilities at Manaus had been improved and emergency air fields cleared by the trail-blazing Roncador-Xingú Expedition, it was impossible to fly the more logical route, which shortened the distance between the two countries by nine hundred miles. Now Pan American



Ronald Hilton, Professor of Romanic Languages, directs Stanford's Hispanic-American studies

Airways is actually making survey flights and getting ready to establish commercial schedules. Undoubtedly other airlines—Brazilian, U. S., Argentine—will follow suit, converting the "Great Diagonal" into the air axis between two continents.

George Wythe, of the U. S. Department of Commerce, who recently published the authoritative *Brazil, an Expanding Economy*, drew for the conference a balanced picture of Brazil's economic potentialities and problems. His presentation, as usual, was accurate, impartial, and friendly. In discussing foreign investments in Brazil, he pointed out that the large sums needed were not necessarily a handicap: "In some of those fields, the investment would have to be substantial to get the job done, but it is precisely in those fields that service on the money invested creates the least problem, since large-scale mineral development, for example, would create sufficient surplus exports to pay for imports of equipment and technique as well as provide the foreign exchange required to pay dividends on and amortization of the

investment." In this connection, both the United States Steel Company and the Bethlehem Steel Company, which are in the process of investing in new ore developments in Canada and Venezuela, sent able representatives to Stanford to discuss their current interest in Brazilian iron ore and manganese. There were special references to the large manganese deposits recently discovered in Amapá, north of the Amazon River. A 120-mile railroad, which would bring the manganese to the water's edge, is now being considered.

Serafino Romualdi, the American Federation of Labor's roving ambassador to Latin America, described growing cooperation with Brazilian labor unions since his 1946 visit to São Paulo, when twenty-five Brazilian unions offered him a testimonial. Mr. Romualdi, who is largely responsible for founding the *Confederación Interamericana de Trabajadores* (Inter-American Federation of Labor) to offset Lombardo Toledano's pro-Communist CTAL, obviously spoke from first-hand knowledge of conditions in the American republics. He stressed that Brazilian labor is at present in favor of receiving U. S. trade-union missions.

During the panel on the Amazon Valley, after the audience had listened to many of the "green hell" generalities, Dr. Adriance Foster of the University of California dealt with the work of Felisberto Camargo. Dr. Camargo, head of the Northern Agronomic Institute in Belém, was asked to take over the former Ford rubber plantations at Fordlandia and Belterra. As a result of his efforts, the 500,000 disease-resistant rubber trees laid out by the Ford company were producing one fourth of all the rubber in the Amazon Valley by 1949. But Dr. Camargo also wants to make Fordlandia and Belterra agricultural centers in an area traditionally unable to feed itself.

A leading oil consultant from Dallas presented an objective picture of the petroleum situation in Brazil. Most of those present saw for the first time a technical map of oil fields, actual and potential, that made it clear why the Amazon Valley, especially in its upper reaches, offers hope for large-scale oil production.

While most of the addresses at Stanford were timely and informative, some inaccuracies crept into the proceedings. The title given one of the panels, "Amazonia and the Central Triangle," suggested some confusion on Brazil's geographical realities. Apparently there was imperfect awareness of main geographical areas like the Central Plateau and the Triangle of Minas—resulting in the hybrid term "Central Triangle."

There were few expressions of the Brazilian viewpoint on controversial issues like foreign investments, exploitation and export of mineral products, and so on, since there were no Brazilians on seven out of the ten panels. It was felt that the Conference should have been able to hear the other side, especially in the panels on U. S.-Brazilian political and economic relations.

One important result of the meeting that cannot be easily measured was the opportunity it provided for many people dealing in Brazilian studies to become

(Continued on page 39)



ISUG YAS GYETA (Woman at the Foot of a Borrachero Bush): This bush has an evil spirit. If someone without much strength sits down beneath it, he is bound to forget everything and remain thus, as if in the air, as if on the wings of the spirit of Yas. This happens to both men and women, but sometimes if a woman sits down to rest in the shade of that shrub, she will dream she is associating with people from the tribe of Pérez, with those who are always chewing coca. And after six months she will bear the borrachero's seeds. (Explanations by Gregorio Hernández de Alba)

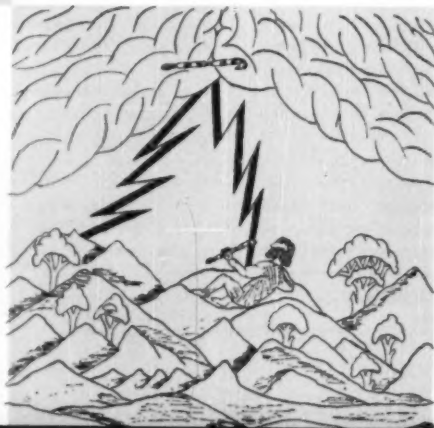
Guambía

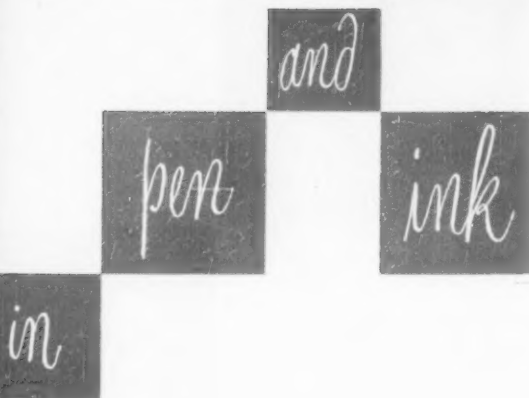
KCREY (A Human Soul and the Magic Bird): There are eyes that have seen it and terrified ears that have heard it. It is shaped like a bird of prey with a strong beak, sharp teeth, and dreadful claws. Barking like a dog, it follows souls through the air, and when it seizes one, proceeds to chew and pulverize it as though it were a bone, until the victim moans like a person in great pain. Then the owner of the soul gets sick and dies. How could he live if his soul was devoured by the Kwaw Wera?



ISII TUMBE (The Wind): The Wind Tombé has reached maturity and he has several sons who have become winds like their father and blow very near the earth, across the hills and through the canyons and hollows. Father Wind stays up higher, blows fiercely around the peaks of the high mountains, and never goes down into the canyons like his sons. This is because Wind Tombé, as a special and powerful being, must be pure, and if he should descend to the level of our hills, canyons, and valleys, where human beings live, he might be contaminated by all the uncleanness of living creatures.

PALAYG (Flash of Lightning): A "storm" is really a man who lives among the clouds. He never wears clothes but he has a golden staff, and when we see lightning it is because the old man is falling from the clouds and the glittering of his staff lights up the earth. The rays shine on the mountains; later the old man goes back to his house in the clouds and his staff of fine gold sparkles again as lightning.





Jaime Paredes

IN FEBRUARY 1946 an Ethnological Institute was founded at the University of Cauca in Popayán, Colombia, and an energetic young Bogotá scientist, Gregorio Hernández de Alba, was named director. Hernández de Alba had done some interesting archeological research in Tierradentro, on the slopes of snow-capped Nevado del Huila mountain, in connection with the pre-Conquest inhabitants of that region who left behind an amazing assortment of stone relics—statues of gods and warriors, tombs, staircases.

The new center was formed as a branch of the National Ethnological Institute. Its three avowed purposes were to continue the investigations begun in Tierradentro and Guambía, to train personnel for future research in south-eastern Colombia, and to work for better living conditions among the Indians. The Smithsonian's Institute of Social Anthropology helped set it up and sent Dr. John H. Rowe, another youthful and enterprising anthropologist, as its first representative.

To Dr. Rowe went the task of directing operations in Guambía, an Indian community of nearly four thousand people, east of Popayán near the town of Silvia. This fertile area is crossed by the icy waters of the Piendamó, a river that originates in the highest peaks of the central cordillera. Like most Colombian Indians, the people of Guambía are bilingual. Besides the language they inherit from their forefathers, they learn Spanish (which they pronounce any way they please) in the market places, in the haciendas, and in the churches. At first Dr. Rowe had to make a patient study of the phonetics of the

Guambiano dialect, then learn, word by word, to write it. He was often seen driving out of Popayán in the Institute's truck, always accompanied by a young Indian with the air of a shepherd. The boy, not yet twenty years old and a pure Guambiano, was Francisco Tumiñá Pillimué. The Council of Guambía had appointed him "interpreter and janitor of the Ethnological Institute."

Dr. Rowe took Francisco Tumiñá into his home. Not wanting him to develop complexes about his race or his dress, he encouraged him to attend classes at the Institute whenever they were not traveling through the Guambía region. Tumiñá, son of one of the town's most respected families, returned the courtesies in his own home. Neither then nor afterward was he a man of complexes. He went to Bogotá, to Manizales, to Cali, and walked the streets of Popayán on his way to and from the University wearing his native costume. It consisted of a straight skirt made of brightly colored wool (usually blue), rope sandals, a felt hat, and a *ruana* or poncho reaching almost to the knees. These he wore as naturally as a middle-class gentleman wears his traditional outfit or an elegant woman the latest freak of fashion. All this was very much in accord with his ideas. Tumiñá does not by any means consider himself the son of a conquered race. He believes that if there are differences between the whites and the Indians, they have been invented by the whites.

In Dr. Rowe's home Tumiñá had a room with bath, a shelf of books, a table, a typewriter, and enough free time to study his guitar lesson in the afternoon. He had a good ear for music and could already play the local tunes, but he wanted to learn to read notes. He lived like a very punctual and orderly guest. He kept his tooth paste, tooth brush, soap, and some cheap lotion on a shelf in the bathroom. If he had not been beardless, he would have shaved every day. He had his own key to the house. When the Rows brought company home, Tumiñá took part in the conversation, answering willingly when anyone asked him a question. He knew how to serve whisky with water and ice. It was not hard for him to learn the white man's habits, according to Hernández de Alba, in whose home Tumiñá also spent a lot of time. He just hadn't had the opportunity before.

Nobody told Francisco Tumiñá to draw. In the beginning he concentrated on writing down Guambian legends for the Institute. For example, he put on paper the story of the *Ave Kuau Wera* (*kuau* means "to die" and *wera* means "dog"), the bird that pursues souls with the intention of eating them. Then there were the tales of *Mama Manuela Carmaya*, heroine of the Guambianos "who was always weeping because the conquistadors were coming to take away her lands and cornfields"; and the adventures of Pedro de Urdimales, the popular Spanish figure who arrived—heaven knows when—in the vicinity of Guambía and at once began to play the most amazing tricks on the local citizens. Tumiñá loved to tell these stories in the Institute classes, where he was often rewarded by the smile of a pretty co-ed. He has an excellent memory, and when he talks of his people he speaks with grace and warmth.

One fine day Hernández de Alba found him sketching. "I am trying to portray the wind," he said, referring to a legend he had told the classes. After giving him the necessary equipment, Hernández had the good sense to let him alone. Tumiñá painted a series of Christmas cards for Dr. Rowe without ever having a drawing lesson. In primary school he had drawn maps, flags, the houses of the town, flowers to decorate his notebook, the profiles of the liberators. Now, famous for his drawings, he still has no intention of taking formal courses in technique. "In the so-called art of Tumiñá," commented the magazine *Futuro* of Popayán, "the laws of sketching, design, perspective, and other elements of painting have no place, could not possibly claim one, as the beauty of his work lies in being simple, sincere, natural, perhaps unmarred by logic, as is the Indian mind even today, after five centuries of contact with the white man."

Hernández de Alba spurred him on by asking him to interpret the legends and show the world of his people—the ranch, the loom, the trees by the road, the plain, the kitchen, the fair, the planting, the wedding of two lovers. Thus the artist emerged. Tumiñá caught the life of his people on the point of his pencil. He worked long hours on his sketches. First he drew on thin paper with a pencil, then traced the picture on cardboard, and finally went over it shading it with India ink. The system was his own invention.

Meantime, he continued to live the life of a student. With his first earnings as janitor of the Institute he purchased a Swiss wrist watch; later he bought an oil lamp and a radio to take to his parents' home in Guambia on his return. By his own wish, he cared for the geraniums in the courtyard, watering them, and pruning them at the time of the crescent moon. He said they kept him in touch with the land. Dressed in his *ruana* and his kilt-like skirt, he went to classes at the University every day. He had no friends outside the school. From time to time he went to the movies. But he preferred to stay in the house with his guitar and his drawings. Before long, he had a good collection. The work on Guambian grammar was finished, and his good friend Dr. Rowe returned to the United States.

Hernández de Alba decided to take the sketches to Bogotá and display them in the Galerías de Arte, a salon in vogue among writers and painters. Thirty works, classified according to subject matter, were listed in the catalogue. The exhibit was a huge success. The newspapers printed enthusiastic write-ups, and all the drawings were sold the first day priced at forty Colombian pesos (a peso is worth about 52 cents U. S.). Artists, writers, diplomats, newspapermen, socialites, hurried to buy them. Later, Mrs. B. Forest Uhl, director of the American School of Bogotá, brought the sketches to Washington to exhibit at the Pan American Union along with the works of other Colombian painters. In the newspaper clippings Hernández de Alba sent back to Guambia, Tumiñá saw himself saluted as an artist. He had not wished to go to the exposition in the capital. As a matter of fact, he did not have time.

The drawings of Francisco Tumiñá Pillimucé needed an



Courtyard of the University of Cauca, Popayán

Gregorio Hernández de Alba, Director of University's Ethnological Institute, wrote the text for book of Tumiñá's drawings



Indian women work together at Guambia



Guambiana mother and child



School children of Guambia. Artist Tumiñá returned to teach them

interpreter, someone to tell people about the artist's native region, a section whose only mystery is its simplicity. Hernández de Alba himself became that interpreter. Thus professor and student, ethnologist and artist, brought out a magnificent book last December, published by the University of Cauca, called *Nuestra Gente (Our People)*. The thirty drawings presented in the Galerías de Arte exposition are reproduced in this book together with explanations by Hernández de Alba written in warm, simple prose. He went to great pains to give things their exact names, to call a hut a hut, a poncho a poncho, a hill a hill.

After three years in Popayán, Tumiñá thought he had learned enough to run a primary school and went back to Guambía for good. He had accepted the scholarship offered by the Ethnological Institute and had gone to the University to prepare himself to help his people. His real ambition was to teach. All he wanted was a group of children of his race, a slate, a few notebooks, and a chance to teach those children penmanship and spelling, addition and subtraction, the story of the country's great men, elementary geography, the rules of hygiene, and love of work, of life, and of nature. His fame as an artist, the money he could have earned by selling his sketches, the possibility of remaining in Popayán on the University staff, hardly interested him. So far he has not been lured away from Guambía despite the frequent offers he receives from people wanting to make a profit on his work.

There are things that Francisco Tumiñá does not understand: for instance, the way people look at him as though he were—in his words—a rare bird. "So is it a miracle that an Indian from Guambía can make pictures?" he asked Institute friends.

At the University, besides discovering the wonderful world of books and acquiring many useful ideas, he was introduced to modern conveniences—electric light, running water, radios, white linens, clean floors. He would like his people, without losing a sense of proportion, to enjoy all the advantages of material progress. So he devotes himself to helping his fellow Guambianos free themselves from poverty, earn their living more easily, enjoy life a little more. He believes they too have a right to the benefits of civilization. He himself is setting a good example. With the money brought in by the sale of his pictures at the Bogotá exposition—a sum he would never have dreamed of accumulating—he bought cement to repair the foundation of his house, paint for the walls and windows, a set of earthenware plates for the table, utensils for the kitchen. And he saved out enough to make a down payment on an electric generator, his dearest dream. When he sees electric lights in his house and in El Pueblito school, he will be happy.

It was not hard to get Tumiñá the job as teacher of El Pueblito. With his reputation, he could have had a better school, even without the official teaching certificate. But he wanted El Pueblito, and he got it. He wanted it because it is in the heart of the Guambía countryside. A whitewashed building with a thatched roof, it stands on the road up the mountain. When he

took over six months ago, there were twenty pupils; now there are seventy. "I have to seat many of the children on bricks," he wrote anxiously to his friends in Popayán. He is always asking them to collect books, notebooks, pamphlets, and magazines to keep for him until he goes to the city. The last time he went there, friends at the University gave him benches and other equipment; the Council of Guambía paid for their transportation to the town.

Tumiñá's people love and support him. He is now twenty-three years old and is thinking of getting married: "I have my eye on an Indian girl," he told Hernández de Alba. He feels that a wife could be an enormous help to him in his work.

Tumiñá continues to draw. He spent his December vacation in Hernández de Alba's home, and while there was swamped with offers from Bogotá. "I will go on sketching," he told a group of friends as he put the



Looking up the little valley of Guambía

finishing touches on a work for the French Embassy in Bogotá. And he added: "I have a number of requests for the pictures that were exhibited; but I don't want to copy or repeat, and at present the school is taking up all my time; so I don't want to commit myself. As for ideas," he went on, "they come of their own accord, and I will never run out of them in Guambía."

He once sent Hernández de Alba a study called *Discussion of Cultural Extension*, which included some standard teaching theories. "Human life," he wrote, "should be guided as much by thought as by action and sentiment." But along with such stereotyped ideas, the real Francisco Tumiñá wrote: "At this school children will learn to like work by developing an affection for the land as a means of acquiring personal and national wealth through honest effort. The pupils will carry on all the usual activities of the country—caring for animals, raising fruit trees, and gardening. They will be shown the advantages of using modern tools, new cultivation methods, fertilizers. They will be taught to be kind to animals and to love nature. . . . To be kind to animals and to love nature. The rules of conduct that the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega put in the mouths of the benefactors of his people were no more simple or beautiful.

WHO'LL GET THE TOURIST DOLLAR?

(Continued from page 4)

friend the South American diplomat, we view them with decided optimism. Far from the unconcern or lack of understanding he pictured, there is positive and growing interest. High-level officials as well as commercial and industrial circles fully realize the importance of mass travel to the economy of each of the ten countries and of its impact on inter-American economic and political relations. This was, in effect, the finding of a two-man mission that recently made an on-the-spot survey during a ten-week tour of the southern continent.

The joint mission—Dr. George Wythe, distinguished economist and Chief of the American Republics Branch of the Office of International Trade in the U. S. Department of Commerce, and the writer, on behalf of the Pan American Union—worked its way down from Caracas, Venezuela, to the Atlantic coast countries, crossed the Andes and returned via the Pacific coast, with Bogotá Colombia, as the final stop. The decision to undertake the mission at this time was inspired by resolutions and recommendations approved by the Third Inter-American Travel Congress held at San Carlos de Bariloche, Argentina, in February 1949, with all the American nations except Bolivia participating; the pressing need for closing the "dollar gap" in those countries affected by balance-of-payments problems; and the outstanding success of the European countries with a collective travel promotion program during the past two years.

The mission emphasized that tourism not only represents an important economic resource that can be developed in a comparatively short time, but also a long-run industry offering a means of diversification both nationally and regionally. The income from tourism is quickly and widely distributed among sections of the country and classes of population. It is, besides, an effective public-relations medium. A well-conceived South American plan of tourist promotion in the United States, for example, will not only pay ample returns in dollar earnings but should also make better known both South America as a whole and the possibilities of individual countries.

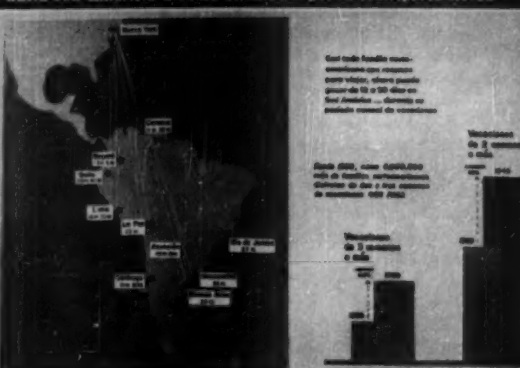
The situation calls for action, and action now. It is well known that European facilities are booked to capacity, while at the same time several million families in the United States have both the desire and the means to travel abroad. There has been an unparalleled growth of national income in the United States (from \$87,400,000,000 in 1929 to \$221,500,000,000 in 1949) and a large increase in the number of families enjoying several weeks of paid vacations. Now it is possible for a U. S. traveler to reach the farthest capital in South America within twenty-four hours. People are itching to go abroad, and interest in the countries of this Hemisphere has been renewed. All that is needed to build a mass tourist industry in South America is a realistic and hard-hitting approach.

As a course of immediate action, we submitted the following four-point program:

1. To organize an Inter-American Travel Commission

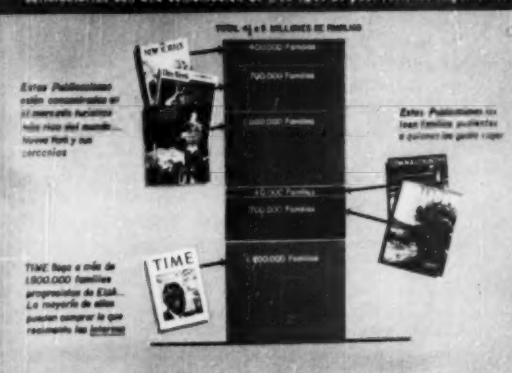
Some of the colored charts carried by two-man travel mission to drive home selling campaign to South Americans

TIEMPO DISPONIBLE... obstáculo mayor al desarrollo del turismo hacia Sud América. ha sido eliminado por el transporte aéreo

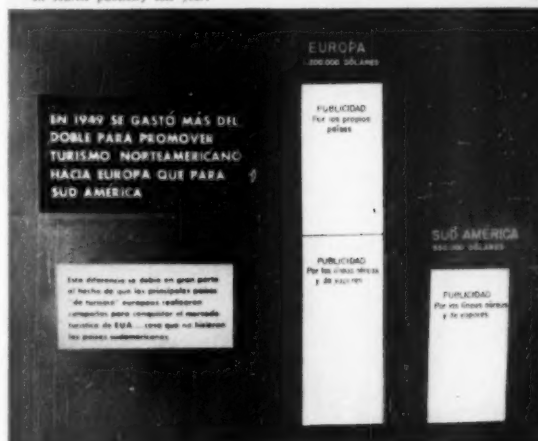


Air transport has eliminated chief obstacle to southward flow of tourists—travel time. Legends point out that U. S. families with money to travel can now spend normal vacation period—12 to 20 days—in South America. (Since map was made flying time has been cut more.) Chart shows 100 per cent rise in ten years in number of people with 3 weeks paid vacation, 60 per cent in those with 2 weeks.

Los que "venden" turismo al extranjero han logrado resultados muy satisfactorios con una combinación de tres tipos de publicaciones importantes



Suggested U. S. publication outlets for travel ads. Top three are concentrated in world's richest tourist market—New York and vicinity; middle two are read by wealthy families who like to travel; while Time reaches group that can afford what it really likes. Below: Europe spent more than twice as much as South America on tourist publicity last year.



with permanent secretariat in the Pan American Union, as recommended by the Third Inter-American Travel Congress.

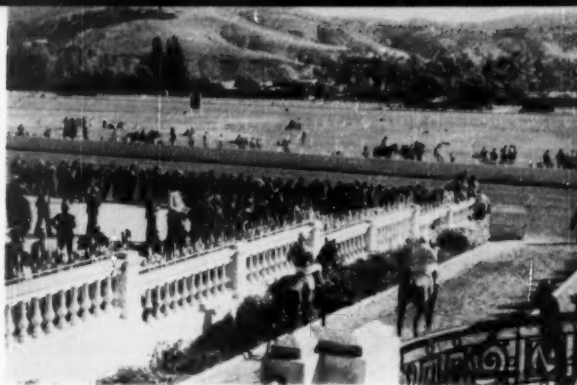
2. To establish or strengthen, as the case may be, the national official and private tourist-promotion organizations.

3. To simplify travel barriers, especially by eliminating the consular visa requirement or establishing a tourist card that may be easily obtained.

4. Participation in a joint travel-promotion program. These proposals were presented to the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and other high officials in each of the ten republics. We were received personally by the Presidents of Argentina, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, and Peru. Special meetings were arranged with inter-ministerial groups, including immigration, customs, and tourist officials. Chambers of Commerce, hotel associations, transportation companies, automobile clubs, fishing and hunting organizations, travel agencies, and others everywhere pitched in enthusiastically to help the mission, lending support to our belief that this will not be another of those "wasted opportunities."

Press reaction was particularly significant. Not only did the newspapers of the capitals and the interior widely publicize the travel mission's presence and purposes, but they also editorialized clearly and convincingly on the need for expanding and improving tourist services, actively promoting travel as an industry, and eliminating red tape.

In an editorial entitled "Tourist Travel and the Inter-American Mission," Lima's daily *La Prensa* refers to the fact that, before World War I, visitors traveled abroad with relative ease. It adds: "The needs of war brought forth rigid restrictions which should have been eliminated when the reasons for them no longer existed. But, far from it, they continued in full force. Moreover, as a result of sheer imitation or as retaliatory measures, they were gradually adopted throughout America. These restrictions became even more stringent during the past conflict, as if the old concept of regarding aliens as enemies had taken root in this part of the world." After quoting from the late Harold Laski's analysis of the political evolution of nations—to the effect that "everywhere, in the most advanced as well as the most backward countries, bureaucracy, multiplied to the utmost, tries to cover up its uselessness and incompetence replacing in each case efficient organization with intricate administrative procedures"—*La Prensa* suggests that perhaps this phenomenon is what brought about current travel restrictions. "The customs inspector, in order to justify his job, harasses the traveler with a most exacting examination of his baggage. The immigration official scrutinizes all documents with unnecessary precaution. The one who issues passports demands information, dates, as if it were a police examination. And all of these useless and costly procedures turn the arrival or departure of the traveler into a ghastly inquisition, for he feels annoyed, spied upon, and manhandled. The result is that tourist travel, far from expanding, decreases."



Visitors flock to race track, spend freely, at Viña del Mar, Chilean coastal resort



Argentine travel poster beckons tourist to Mar del Plata, one of world's gayest cities

Below: Tourist mission submitted this sample two-page ad for countries' joint program urging U. S. travelers to go south



Besides their realistic analyses of tourism's chief obstacles, leading newspapers of the continent pointed up the significance of the mission's visit to their individual countries. *La Capital* (Mar del Plata), for example, commented on our interview with President Perón: "... the First Magistrate, after taking into account all aspects of inter-American travel promotion, made known his decision to assist in the creation of the Inter-American Travel Commission, at the same time calling attention to the fact that from the first days of his administration he had given special attention to tourism as an element in strengthening inter-American unity and friendship, and that in the Five-Year Plan the construction of tourist hotels constituted an important chapter. It is also interesting to point out," the editorial continued, "that General Perón declared to the mission that it is Argentina's wish that the tourist of good faith should encounter no barriers to his entry into and transit through the country; and that the respective officials have already received instructions to place themselves at the service of this continental undertaking of good will; and that we will participate in regional plans for joint publicity."

Citing the social and cultural impact of tourism upon the people of those countries that attract large numbers of tourists, *El Tiempo* of Bogotá pointed out during the mission's visit that a large percentage of Cubans had learned English as a result of the tourist influx, observing in the case of Colombia: "Our people need greater contact with the outside world; they need to know that the Colombian way of life is not precisely the same as that of the rest of the universe; that there are other aspirations, other systems, and a way of life which is different, at least, from our own, and which bestows upon those who enjoy it a less bitter concept of existence."

Perhaps the most salient feature of the travel mission's work was the candid approach and utter frankness that marked the discussion of specific problems with appropriate officials and interested private organizations. International reciprocity was brought up in connection with possible charges of discrimination if travel restrictions were lifted for some countries and not for others. Certainly, freedom of travel among all Western Hemisphere countries would be the ideal. It has already been approved in principle by successive International Conferences of American States, from the 1923 meeting at Santiago, Chile, to the Bogotá Conference of 1948. This worthy objective should be forcefully pressed forward by the Organization of American States. Meantime, many American nations have solved the problem through bilateral agreements with their neighbors, permitting temporary visits of each other's nationals on presentation of their personal *cédulas* or identity cards.

The possibility of discrimination should not be allowed to interfere with the development of such an important industry as tourism. Brazil and Colombia sell their coffee, Bolivia its tin, and Chile its copper in whatever markets offer the biggest financial returns; countries that today count tourism among their best sources of income readily admit that their success has

been based on the same principle. For the most part, they are countries needing foreign exchange and are in no position to urge their own nationals to spend money traveling abroad.

As a matter of fact, notable improvements in handling tourists, whether traveling alone or in groups, were evident compared to what we had seen on previous visits. Nevertheless, in reviewing recent complaints involving consular officers, immigration and customs inspectors, police, and other officials, we found that for the most part they were due to overzealousness on the part of minor employees rather than to any restrictive national policy.

Upon returning to Washington, the mission reported unanimous support of the project for organization of the Inter-American Travel Commission. Brazil and Chile, the two principal countries without national tourist organizations, are now taking steps to create effective promotion agencies. Existing organizations in most of the other countries are being strengthened. Several governments are now drafting new measures designed to simplify entry and exit regulations. Bolivia has eliminated the consular visa requirement for United States and Canadian citizens (Uruguay and Ecuador had acted along these lines before the travel mission got under way). A concrete proposal for a joint South American travel development program for 1950, as a "token" plan to supplement the efforts of the transportation companies now spending large sums on publicity, elicited favorable reaction and the prospects are considered good for a general agreement. Efforts are being made to improve hotel facilities. And, finally, some of the governments are undertaking special indoctrination of officials at ports of entry and departure to insure proper treatment of visiting tourists.

Who is to get the tourist dollar? We know that Europe is again on the march following the devastation of World War II; that Canada, Mexico, and the Caribbean countries have vastly improved their position in the tourist trade in recent years and are bound to keep right on. It is up to South America, then, to step in and claim its fair share of the untapped reserves in the world travel market.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 43

1. Guatemala
2. Uruguayans
3. Havana
4. Pan American Union
5. Soap
6. Haitian
7. Jamaica
8. Argentina
9. Aymará
10. El Salvador

STUDENTS ABROAD



Abraham Bueso-Arias



S. Cole Blasier

accent on youth

IN RECENT YEARS, newspapers and magazines throughout the Hemisphere have carried notices of students from one American country winning scholarships to study in another. We decided to hunt up some of the returning travelers to see what they got out of the experience and what advice they could offer other young people planning to follow in their footsteps. Here are two typical replies—the first from a Honduran youth who came to the University of Alabama, the other from a Michigan boy who spent a year at the University of Chile.

UP NORTH IN ALABAMA

In applying for a Rotary Fellowship, I was free to choose any of the eighty countries with Rotary Clubs. It didn't take me long to decide on the United States as I was very anxious to get acquainted with its people. I knew I would be a guest in the private homes of fellow Rotarians and would thus have an unusual opportunity to find out what Americans are like.

I selected the University of Alabama because its medical school offers an intensive course in hematology; also I knew by name some of its professors who have published textbooks in Spanish and Portuguese. Besides, I figured it would be a good idea for a Latin American to study in Alabama, as most of the people of that state and of neighboring Georgia and Mississippi know very little about Spanish and Indian America.

I owe a great debt to my teachers at the University of Alabama for the technical knowledge they gave me, and an even greater one to Paul Harris, founder of Rotary International, for seeing the need for young students to acquire an understanding of countries other than their own. . . .

My advice to other young Latin Americans preparing to go to the United States to study is that they just be themselves. They should leave some of their tropical imagination at home and describe their countries as they are, with-

out the romantic Hollywood flourishes that lower the listeners' opinion. They should always be proud of their homelands and never feel inferior to anyone. They should remember that they represent their countries, and that . . . our reputation in the United States is at stake.

Shortly after my arrival in Birmingham I was invited to dinner by my Spanish literature professor. She had told me to come at seven o'clock, but I was delayed and got there around seven forty-five. As it is the custom in Honduras to invite people a half hour in advance of the time you expect to serve dinner, I thought I was getting there in plenty of time. But dessert was being served when I went in, so, in addition to having to make excuses in front of a group of amused co-eds from the University, I had to go hungry. To add to my misery, the speaker of the evening told some jokes about Spaniards' punctuality habits, and though I am not a Spaniard, I knew his remarks were aimed at me. Since then I have never been late for a dinner party.

It takes a long stay in a foreign country to come to understand it fully. Even after two years in the United States, my acquaintance with North Americans is only beginning. However, my trip did open my eyes on quite a few subjects. The people of the U. S. A. are tagged as snobbish from the way they keep to themselves while visiting Latin America, purposely avoiding the "barefoot natives." I found out that in their own country they aren't like that about foreigners.

U. S. movies paint the United States as an extremely wealthy nation. It is, but I discovered that there is misery and poverty there, just as in other parts of the world. I believed, like Rodó, that Americans lacked culture, and I found people—other than teachers of the subject—who knew more about Spanish literature than I did. In short, I learned that, dark-skinned or fair, speakers of Cervantes' language or Milton's, we are all Americans and have the same ideals of liberty and justice.

Abraham Bueso-Arias, La Lima, Honduras

(Continued on page 46)

"I found three kinds of people: First, the ill-intentioned and arrogant, who accepted their appointment only after sounding off against the government, making fun of censuses, and protesting against the annoyance it was causing them. In this class were a number of very wealthy people, some generals (we had to fine one of them), influential people (or those who thought they were), and a great many shopkeepers. Then there were the indifferent or lazy, who took the news with meek resignation. One consulted his wife. Another time, a woman greeted us suspiciously, as if we were bill collectors, and would not let us give her the notice until her husband came home. There were all kinds in this group, generally working people without much education. Finally, the enthusiasts, who made a point of finding out just what was wanted of them and gave suggestions for doing the best possible job in their block. These were teachers, professionals, public and private employees with some education, and skilled workers. The third class greatly outnumbered the first; the majority belonged to the second."

"... Arriving at the home of, for example, Cipriano Becerril Rodríguez, a typical Mexican worker with a wife, three children, and an income of ten pesos a day, the census-takers would find, together with a warm welcome, some revealing facts about the progress the country has made in the past ten years. Thanks to savings, Becerril, a driver in the Federal District street-cleaning service, has managed to acquire a house of his own—through monthly payments and with help from the District administration—a radio, a gas range, and a sewing machine. The government's sanitation and city-improvement programs have benefited him." Because families like the Becerrils are living better now than they could have a decade ago, the death rate has gone down while the birth rate remains high. Consequently, Mexico expects the census to reveal a population rise from the 1940 figure of 19,762,603 to around 24,300,000. If the trend continues, says Gilberto Loyo, director of the Statistical Bureau, Mexico will be a nation of forty million by the end of the twentieth century.



Courting Adenauer, Schuman explains to Beveridge: "It's not that I find her so fascinating, but I want to keep her out of that house of ill fame."—*El Tiempo, Bogotá*

THE DECLINING ART

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH OPERA?" is a currently popular question for which everybody, from Billy Rose to Gian-Carlo Menotti, has an answer—generally not the same answer. In the Sunday supplement of the Buenos Aires daily *La Nación*, Kurt Pahlen deals with its background:

"... Of the crises practically all forms of art are suffering nowadays, opera's seems to be the most profound. Drama and poetry are affected by their own problems of dramatic and poetic concepts; music, by the dissolution of its age-old laws; painting, by the struggle among the many trends begun in our century. But opera unites all the arts, and therefore it presents not simply the same old crises renewed every century, but a deeper ill.

"Actually, the crisis in opera dates from the day it was born. Ages of great splendor are invariably succeeded by others full of problems, discussions, and battles. Opera has often been given up for dead; books and periodicals have maintained that an art form so lacking in logic has no right to live. But it survived, made a fresh start, and triumphed.

"In our century, its problems are multiplying. Not only has the romantic age ended (at least so far as artistic creation is concerned, although its charms still seem to exist in public taste), but the era of naturalism has also perished, and with surprising rapidity. What plot to choose, then, for a modern opera? Wagner's gods, demi-gods, and heroes are no longer suitable; nor are many of the Verdi

characters, with their grandiloquent gestures, tragic loves, and romantic deaths. What can we replace all this with? What should representative opera of today be? No one tendency stands out clearly. In short, one experiments. . . .

"The presentation of already 'classic' operas poses interesting questions too. Movies have grown into an enormous force; in a sense, they take the place held in other centuries by opera. If we compare the earliest operas—those of the seventeenth century—with today's movies, we find amazing parallels. Both are 'popular' art. So great demand lowers the artistic level, and masterpieces are the exception. The popularity of the singers of the past can be compared only with that of film stars. Because of the movies, present-day opera cannot neglect production—shabby scenery, badly dressed choruses, sluggish ballerinas are no longer tolerated. These demands extend to the leading figures as well—the prima donna has to be sufficiently interesting to make it reasonable for men to fall in love with her to the degree of madness required by the plot.

"The current repertory of the world's great lyric theaters, it is easy to discover, consists almost entirely of works that have been on the boards for many decades. Of modern composers there is almost nothing. There is Richard Strauss—*Salomé*, *Elektra*, and *Rosenkavalier*; but Strauss, who is no longer living, wrote them at the beginning of the century. Puccini has been dead for 25 years; most of his works, so often presented, are half a century old. Other 'modern' operas? Every country encourages national production; our number one opera house presents each year a work by an Argentine. But, typically, it seldom outlasts one season. Still, present-day production is neither scanty nor poor. The fact is that psychological factors conspire against its success. Those that reach international acclaim almost always contain a strong folkloric or 'popular' note, a point that allows interesting inferences. Other works that have attracted attention lately are experimental. 'Pure' opera, that is, opera which is in bygone times is simply people singing in a dramatic setting, is either not written or not staged."



TEA WITH TANNENBAUM

BEFORE RETURNING recently to his native Venezuela, Arturo Usler-Pietri spent several years teaching at Columbia University. There he came across a unique sort of college course that seemed to him to deserve international publicity. Caracas' *El Nacional* agreed, to the extent of giving his story a banner headline:

"Fayerwether is the name of the six-story building that houses Columbia University's departments of history and international affairs. It is a red-brick and white-stone building stuffed with offices and libraries. Through half-open doors one peers in at rooms where obscure tomes line the walls from floor to ceiling and overflow onto chairs and tables. In the depths, one spies the figure of a scholar, like a spider in its web—a strange professorial insect who secretes books, pamphlets, and notes.

"Professor Frank Tannenbaum's office is on the sixth floor of Fayerwether. For four years, almost every Thursday of the academic year—whether snow was on the ground, a freezing rain falling, or the fragrance and light of spring in the air—I have made the short journey from my office in Philosophy Hall to his. The room rapidly begins to fill up with people: A dozen or so international-affairs students who have registered for this curious seminar. A group of university professors who attend regularly and by now are fixtures. Federico de Onís, Germán Arciniegas, the distinguished anthropology professor Wagley, among others. Some important U. S. journalist interested in Spanish American affairs, like Matthews of the *New York Times*. And many Spanish Americans—Max Henriquez Ureña, former Colombian Foreign Minister Umaña Bernal, ex-Ambassador Andrade from Bolivia, the Spanish statistician José Antonio Vandellós, the Argentine Raúl Migone, the Basque Galindez.

Cuban cartoonist Juan David, back from New York, sets down his impressions for readers of *Bohemia*. From top: They are romantic in the street... Here's how they catch up on the news... It's not New York fashion, but hats like this are worn...

"Tea is served to the gathering from a steaming copper samovar. After tea comes talk. The language is Spanish, in every conceivable accent, form, and distortion. The principal speaker is generally a Spanish American. He talks informally for an hour on a topic of his own choice, some phase of history, economics, politics. The official title of the seminar is so broad that all topics fit. 'Problems of the Western Hemisphere,' it is called.

"One day a Cuban—Raúl Roa, perhaps—speaks on student movements in Cuba. Another day a Brazilian priest explains problems of Church work in Brazil. The Chilean Moisés Poblete Troncoso comes in to discuss forced labor in America. Still another time it is Mexican Silvio Zavala, holding forth on the evolution of U. S. ideological influence in Spanish America. Afterward, the others present give their opinions, which often differ widely, and the students ask questions.

"There is no pre-established outline of study. Subjects are determined by the chance passing of Spanish American personalities through New York, or by some important recent happening...

"For students who want to specialize in Spanish American affairs this is an extraordinary opportunity. Here they can see for themselves the men, the thought, and the ideas of Spanish America and acquire first-hand knowledge no book could give them. For one feature of the seminar is absolute freedom of expression. Anyone can express his point of view without limit. And this sense of freedom is increased by the realization that what is said there will not be published, that it will remain within the four walls of the office.

"In this way, the seminar is becoming one of the most active and useful centers of inter-American knowledge and understanding. What it loses in a large audience it gains in sincerity, in frankness, and in timeliness. If only there were some way to extend its influence to a larger public without distorting its nature, it could become a real laboratory of inter-American problems.

"This seminar, where interest in humanity is much more noticeable than academic discipline, closely re-

sembles its father. It is the fitting and characteristic work of Frank Tannenbaum.

"Tannenbaum, who is professor of Latin American history at Columbia, hardly looks like a history professor. Anyone seeing his great boots, his wrinkled suit, his pipe, and his wild hair would take him instead for a poet, a naturalist, or an explorer. Or a vagabond, as he likes to call himself. His vast knowledge of Spanish America has been gained walking. He has walked all through Spanish America. He has talked with farmers, with burro-drivers, with village priests, as well as with politicians, professors, and judges. In Spanish as battered as his hat, he has talked his way into the Mexican Indian's cabin, the ranch of the Venezuelan plainsman, the Ecuadorian *huasipungo*—with profound sympathy and desire to serve. From these walks have come important books dealing with the complex problems of the Creole world, books written with the passion of understanding and personal knowledge. He has just published an excellent one on Mexico. The creative spirit of these walking trips is kept alive in his seminar."

PLANE TALK

SECOND ONLY to the United States in volume of domestic air traffic, Brazil is now worried about her place in international aviation. It's easy to see, remarks the monthly *Observador Econômico e Financeiro*, why the 23-year-old commercial aviation industry has pushed forward so fast: "Brazilian topography makes surface transportation difficult. Our skies, however, are privileged."

To show how far the industry has come, *Observador* cites figures. In 1930, there were only four airlines operating within the country, three of them Brazilian. Out of a total of 62 planes, all but nineteen were foreign-owned. "Flights usually followed the coast, and it took three or four days by slow hydroplane to reach Belém from Porto Alegre [about 2,500 miles]. Today twelve Brazilian airlines maintain regular commercial schedules, and six others are engaged in non-scheduled flights. In 1919 the

domestic lines had a total of 263 planes." But, while the end of the war gave aviation a tremendous boost and three airlines hold international franchises, Brazil's competitive international position is in danger. In *Observador's* opinion, here's why:

Though subsidies are common practice in other countries, "whose governments are conscious of the great political and commercial significance of aviation," until now nothing of the sort has ever been done in Brazil. *Observador* comes out in favor of a pending bill to subsidize international lines. "Aerovias Brasil started its flights to Miami during the last war because of the great demand for transportation between Brazil and the United States. But afterward a good part of its business was taken over again by ships. . . . Aerovias Brasil's dollar revenue is a hard-currency asset, and the same can be said of the other airlines' international flights—all earn much-needed foreign exchange. Brazilian trade with Argentina is heavy, and we must maintain the Buenos Aires flights. As to the transatlantic routes: We have close trade and cultural ties with Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, and England; the Zurich line is justified because of Switzerland's role in our foreign trade; the Cairo and Istanbul routes for the same reasons and because of the bonds uniting the Middle East with its settlers in our South; the Stuttgart and Frankfurt flights, because of commercial opportunities in Germany." Last year these routes brought in around fourteen and a half million dollars.

But it is a question how long this can continue, which leads *Observador* to another phase of the argument for subsidies: "Airlines must constantly renew their equipment. The success of Panair do Brasil's overseas flights was largely due to the excellent equipment used, while other countries offered the same service in obsolete planes. Now these very countries . . . threaten our position with jet planes."

Right: More about Manhattan and its denizens. From top: They hang on the state of the weather. . . . There are also U. S. rubes who are scared by what they see. . . . If you want to take a bus, don't follow the arrow!



Vivem pendurados do estado do tempo

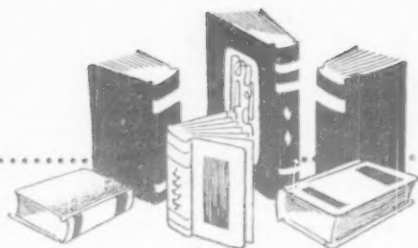


Também há pessoas malucas que não sabem o que fazer



Os que não sabem onde "parar" não vão ao trabalho

BOOKS



THE REAL MARTÍ

FOR MANY REASONS, publication of Jorge Mañach's biography of José Martí in an English translation by Coley Taylor deserves our attention and applause. First of all, it is one more step in making Martí known and the first of its kind for the benefit of English-speaking readers. Also, this is one of the loveliest books written about the great Cuban; it was printed in New York, where Martí lived for fifteen years, and which provided the material for many of his extraordinary chronicles; it has been translated enthusiastically and, for the most part, accurately; and finally, it is handsomely presented, with clear print and interesting illustrations. *Martí: Apostle of Freedom* first appeared in Madrid in 1933 under the title *Martí, el Apóstol* (Espasa-Calpe).

There are a number of good biographies and interpretations of Martí. Mañach's is not the only one that deserves to be translated into other languages. But of them all, this is the best written and the most pleasant to read. It is certainly the most appropriate for telling the story of Martí to those who know little or nothing about him. *Martí, el Apóstol* is one of the best products of the movement to re-evaluate the Cuban hero, started by Mañach's generation. That school began to study Martí, instead of blindly singing his praises. It saw him not only as the apostle and martyr of Cuban independence, but in his wider dimensions as a great prose writer and poet, an original forerunner of Modernism, an exceptional spirit in his life and in his political and literary work, a leader of Spanish America and its delegate and defender in the United States, interpreter and publicist of the U. S. A. among the Spanish-speaking peoples. In sum, a complete Spanish-American, profoundly Cuban and at the same time a cosmopolitan New Yorker, a universal man.

Before the work of the brilliant group to which Mañach belongs—we will not cite others, so as not to omit any unjustly—the study of Martí in Cuba was principally concerned with him as the organizer of the Cuban Revolutionary Party and as the luminous spirit who offered his life to his country at Dos Ríos, after having dedicated every effort to its cause. Later, without neglecting the study of the exemplary patriot, Cubans discovered his vision of Cuba as a nation and recognized his greatness, not only as hero and martyr, but also as idealist and writer. This remarkable combination, Cuba's blessing and good fortune, without parallel in any other people, shapes and inspires Jorge Mañach's biography.

For this reason alone it is valuable, and its publication both in Spanish and English very useful.

The error committed by the public and some scholars in relation to Martí stems from the rare wealth of his personality, and also from his own eagerness to be regarded secondarily as an intellectual—writer, poet, orator—and primarily as a patriot. He attached little importance to his literary work and, above all, insisted that his writings be subordinated to the cause of freedom. He partially achieved his aim while he lived; he completely achieved it when he died, mounted, under the tropic sun, in the charge of Dos Ríos in 1895. Thus was his image stamped in the imagination of all who looked at him, from within Cuba or from abroad.

Fortunately, there were many among the outstanding men of his own time who knew and spoke of his high qualities as an artist. There were Justo Sierra and Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, among other illustrious Mexicans, who sensed his greatness and wanted to keep him in Mexico and save him from the imminent sacrifice. Argentina's Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, judging him only through the chronicles Martí published in *La Nación*, knowing only, and vaguely, that he was a young Cuban living in New York, said of him: "In French only Victor Hugo has this metallic resonance; in Spanish he has no equal." Rubén Darío of Nicaragua, who sadly reproached him in the hour of his fall, later acknowledged him as a literary parent and saw him as a precursor of his own poetic movement. In Cuba that eminent figure Enrique José Varona always admired him. All America, in the best periodicals—*La Opinión Nacional* in Caracas; *El Partido Liberal*, Mexico City; *La Nación*, Buenos Aires—felt and esteemed the strong literary personality of Martí, following his accounts of the United States and his admonitions to Spanish America. There are more traces of him than one might think in those who have since written on such subjects—the faith in Spanish America's destiny, the admiration for "the United States of Lincoln" and fear of "the United States of Cutting," as Martí differentiated them. Every day brings new evidence of his influence. And Martí's verses circulated more widely than was supposed. The *Ismacillo* lay on José Asunción Silva's table; the great Spanish Americans stopped off in New York to hear Martí read his poems; the mails carried them to the most illustrious. . . .

But the man who spoke so much of his country died for his country. It was the Cubans who then set about

gathering up his literature, not always in an orderly fashion and not always with good literary taste. In that first posthumous Martí bibliography, quantity undoubtedly outweighed quality. Gonzalo de Quesada y Aróstegui, Martí's favorite disciple, placed the first stone of the master's best monument, gathering together the first collection of his works. Pedro Henriquez Ureña, who had achieved distinction as early as 1905, insisted that Martí be seen as a great writer. José de Armas y Cárdenas also pointed out his importance as a literary man and the breadth of his culture. Don Rufino Blanco Fombona, a great publicizer of the great Spanish Americans from his seat in Madrid, published him and wrote a prologue on



Bronze head of Martí,
by José Sicre

him. Max Henriquez Ureña did the same, and all the leading Spanish Americans came to know the Cuban hero's place in literature. Then Miguel de Unamuno began his penetrating articles on Martí the poet and the letter-writer, and his admiration served as a definitive accolade.

After that came Mañach's generation. It sees the whole Martí. It has brought together the political fervor of Cuban patriots and the literary fervor of the good critics. It knows that Martí's light shines not only for Cuba, but for all Spanish America and all the Spanish world. Spaniards living in Cuba, like Don Isidro Méndez, Spanish Americans all over the continent, Cubans outstanding in many fields, all make Martí the central subject of their studies. Fernando de los Ríos, Gabriela Mistral (who provides the preface to the English edition of Mañach's book), Federico de Onís, Juan Ramón Jiménez, Juan Larrea have written acute and meaningful pages on him. Finally, *Editorial Trópico* in Havana brought out the first collection of Martí's complete works, in seventy volumes.

The study of Martí has left the lyrical and irresponsible phase, has attained balanced and firm judgment, and is on the way to methodical analysis. This does not mean that the man is being forgotten, for he was so much a man that, fortunately, he could never be considered merely a scholar's delicacy. Moth-eaten criticism steers clear of Martí, or loses its moths when it finds him. It is this living, vital, whole Martí who appears in Jorge

Mañach's devoted and well-informed biography: the Cuban, Spanish-American, and New Yorker; in his private and public life; with his family, in the street or office, or at a rally; in all his aspects and with all his powers.

North Americans who read Coley Taylor's translation will find in this book much information—new to many—about the second half of the nineteenth century in Spain, Spanish America, and the United States. They will better understand present cultural and political relations among these three areas, seeing what they are based on and what forces move them. They will learn how a great literary movement, Modernism, came to life in Spanish America, and they will begin to gauge the literature of that region with appropriate tools, rather than strange measures inapplicable to our world. They will see the life of the United States' best publicist in Spanish America; and they will come in contact with a noble spirit, uniquely great in its combination of intelligence, energy, and goodness.

The translation was done with faithfulness and care. Naturally, there are some errors. The explanatory notes at the bottom of the page almost always hit the mark and are always useful, although the bogey of calling Justo Sierra "Justo Serra" repeatedly sneaks in, both there and in the text. The translation of the poems quoted by Mañach—obviously a difficult task—is not always successful. But these and other details of the sort that could be mentioned do not destroy the merit of an intellectual and social task well done and excellently presented.

The greatest praise we can give this volume is that it does as much good for Spanish America as for the North Americans who read it. It deserves well of the Hemisphere.—*Andrés Blythe*

MARTÍ: APOSTLE OF FREEDOM, by Jorge Mañach. Translated from the Spanish by Coley Taylor, with a preface by Gabriela Mistral. New York, Devin-Adair, 1950. 363 p. Illus. \$3.50

THE GREAT DEMOCRAT

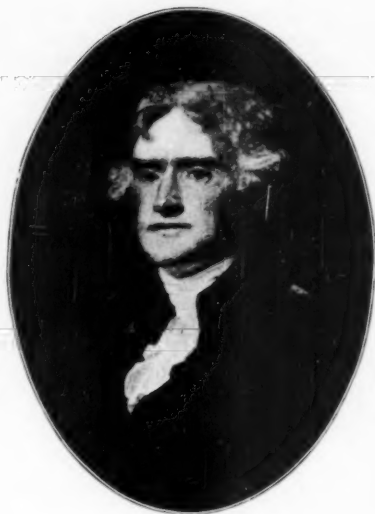
THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of Thomas Jefferson's birth fell on April 13, 1943. Celebrations were indeed held, but the country's attention was necessarily riveted elsewhere: U. S. armies were engaged in pushing Rommel out of Tunisia; Flying Fortresses were making daily raids out of Britain; and, the ordeal of Guadalcanal scarcely over, the next jump in the Pacific was being prepared. It is comprehensible that when, in that year, an Act of Congress authorized a new edition of his writings as a congressional memorial to Jefferson, the stipulated cost was "not to exceed \$15,000 for the preparation of the manuscript." It might have seemed that the work of the Jefferson Bicentennial Commission, which had been in existence since 1940, must be sterile, but they went on to employ a historian, Mr. Julian P. Boyd, the Librarian of Princeton University. Mr. Boyd reported a detailed and most ambitious project for the new edition, the New York Times Company offered a

grant of \$200,000 in memory of the late Adolph S. Ochs, and Princeton University undertook the sponsorship. Editorial work was begun in the spring of 1944, and six years later the first of the fifty-odd projected volumes has been issued by the Princeton University Press. What began as a government activity has turned into an achievement of private cooperation, an outcome that would have delighted the man whose papers are being published.

Thomas Jefferson is the fountainhead of the American democratic ideal, so far as any one man can be its fountainhead. The thirteen states were by no means thirteen democracies in 1776, but Jefferson provided them with a Declaration that asserted their independence, and simultaneously their nationhood, on grounds incompatible with any but a democratic basis of society. In the Virginia legislature he provided a model for remodeling monarchical and aristocratic institutions into democratic and egalitarian ones. In protest against the more extreme tendencies which had issued from the great consolidation of 1787-89, he gave principles and policy to a party dedicated to the maintenance of democracy in America and in 1800 led it to a victory so sweeping that, with only two interruptions, it monopolized the administration for the next sixty years, and is still vigorous 150 years later. But, in relating Jefferson the symbol to the Jefferson of the *Papers*, the editor's "General View of the Work" states and resolves a paradox. The overwhelming impression derived from Jefferson's papers is that of their multiplicity and his many-sidedness, pursuing all knowledge in "versatile and endless inquiries." But all these ramifications can be traced back to his central and unifying ideal and inspiration. The increase of knowledge is the natural activity of the free mind of the free man in a free and democratic society and is also its justification. And just as liberty produces knowledge, so knowledge maintains and enlarges liberty. Catastrophic decades of revolution and world-wide war did not weaken Jefferson's hold on this principle of polarity: on the eve of his eightieth birthday he wrote:

The form [of government] which we have substituted restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few bootied and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God.

The *Papers of Thomas Jefferson* is a work of historical scholarship on a new scale, made possible by a new development of technology, the microfilm camera. Hitherto editors have been content to present the *Works* or *Writings* of public men, and when these consist largely of letters, they have limited themselves to a selection of the letters sent. This has ignored the fact that every correspondence between two men is an interchange of ideas, and that the half of it represented by the letters of one of them is seldom wholly intelligible. Mr. Boyd, however, set out from the beginning to publish the



Thomas Jefferson

Papers, aiming at a relative and reasonable completeness in publishing every document, epistolary or other, with which Jefferson had a significant connection. The magnitude of the task appears from Mr. Boyd's estimate of Jefferson's total correspondence, through the sixty-six years from 1760 to 1826—more than fifty thousand items. To bring together every discoverable manuscript of every letter and document, they have obtained microfilm copies from more than 425 different sources. Prints from the microfilms have been made and arranged into one great chronological series. Each letter or document is represented by a single envelope into which go its various forms: the draft, recipient's copy, file copy, transcript, etc., and, ultimately, editorial matter. These "Editorial Files" will ultimately be lodged in the Library of Congress for the benefit of subsequent students who may wish to go behind the printed *Papers*. In the business of getting from manuscript to print, Mr. Boyd made another departure which left all previous editorship far behind: he gave his editorial procedures a new self-consciousness and consistency by analyzing and formulating them in a manual that should be a guide to everyone seeking to edit historical manuscripts in the future.

When plans and preparations have been so grandiose, there is often disappointment; the result may be perceptibly, painfully, or grotesquely disparate. Now, after seven years, it is manifest that there will be no disappointment here; the first volume fulfills where it does not exceed expectation. It contains 280 separate items; the Ford edition, for the years 1760-1776, contained ninety. The threefold introduction is solid but inspired by a dignified eloquence. Each letter terminates in a single note, which, if the case warrants, may be threefold: descriptive, explanatory, and textual. These notes are crisp and concise, conveying much in-

formation in little room, and generally read well. Learned editorial notes filling a number of pages precede the successive drafts and versions of the great state papers of the Revolution for which Jefferson was a penman. The variety of the new materials is truly impressive. There are fourteen illustrations, well chosen and handsomely reproduced. Princeton University Press has achieved a format that embodies dignity and an austere splendor; the only possible cavil is that the grayish paper dulls the sharpness of the type. *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson* is a grand design, grandly executed, which does honor to its subject, to the nation, and to all concerned in its production, but especially to its creator, Julian P. Boyd.—*Donald H. Mugridge*

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON: VOLUME I, 1760-1776. Julian P. Boyd, Editor; Lyman H. Butterfield and Mina R. Bryan, Associate Editors. Princeton, N. J., Princeton University Press, 1950. 679 p. Illus. \$10.00

TOWARD A BETTER LANGUAGE

WHEN THE MEXICAN ACADEMY OF LANGUAGE met in the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City on June 14, 1950, to welcome novelist José Rubén Romero as a member, President Alemán proposed holding a Congress of Spanish Language Academies. The suggestion was favorably received, and the press of Spain and the Spanish American countries has given particular attention to the aims of such a congress.

At the Academy meeting, various subjects that might figure on the Congress' agenda were explained. Some of the main points were: 1) to unify the lexicon, enriching the heritage of the common language with words popularly used in America and with those that continually arise without any logical explanation. 2) To give their true meanings to the Americanisms that already appear in the dictionary—whether the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy or others of recognized authority. 3) To establish Academies in Spanish-speaking countries where there are none. 4) To put at the service of humanity the force of spiritual cohesion that is language, the only medium peoples have for understanding each other and making themselves respected.

The Mexican Academy will issue the convocation, making no distinction between countries on political lines. All the Academies will be invited to send representatives to the Congress. Such a meeting should strengthen the ties of friendship and understanding among Spanish-language writers. Apart from the technical items, they could discuss such subjects as preparation of compendia of literary evolution, sorely needed as a base for studies of comparative history. At such a congress, also, committees could be set up to establish bibliographical indices of each country's basic production. These would be of immediate use to meet international cultural needs. Many world organizations are eager for complete and accurate information on these subjects as a basis for starting or encouraging the publication of works both in their original language and in others, to make them better known.

QUITO SEMINAR (Continued from page 15)

What tangible results came out of the Seminar? A rough draft of Panama's bill on cooperatives was written at one round-table discussion. Colombia's Institute of Social Security, Ministry of Labor, and major labor unions (UTC and CTC) are now preparing a national seminar—to be held in a couple of months—devoted exclusively to workers' education. In Ecuador, the National Conference of Municipalities, meeting this month in Guayaquil, put workers' education on the agenda.

The housing and planning round table developed comparative statistics formulas for evaluating housing needs in all six countries. They also came up with a method for improving rural housing that will be tried first in Ecuador in the areas devastated by last year's earthquake; housing agencies will furnish materials, tools, and supervision; the farmers will build their own dwellings. During the session, the group made a field trip to the damaged area around Ambato. There the Peruvian delegation studied the Ecuadorean engineers' reconstruction techniques with an eye to applying them to quake-ravaged Cuzco. In this connection, they were particularly interested in a model building code for earthquake-resistant construction adopted by Ecuador.

Participants came away from the Quito Seminar with definite ideas for action. The president of the Casa de la Cultura called it "an event in the history of Ecuador." And President Galo Plaza declared at the close: "[This meeting] shows us a new spirit of accomplishment, seriousness, and concern for vital issues, through the simple and profound conversation of experts, which took the place of long-winded speeches."

STANFORD LOOKS AT BRAZIL (Continued from page 23)

personally acquainted and discuss informally problems of mutual interest. Most delegates stayed at the same hotel and ate their meals together on the campus. Late at night, small groups were still absorbed in discussion, some of us meeting off campus over a glass of cold beer.

For weeks in advance, the Executive Committee of the Conference—led by Professor Ronald Hilton, an indefatigable organizer—worked on the innumerable details required for a meeting of this type. Some of the Stanford scientists on that committee were nationally known in their fields, most of them quite young and all untiringly courteous and cheerful despite the pressure of a fast-moving schedule.

During the meeting interest mounted to such a high pitch of enthusiasm that at the close there were many who just wanted to go on. As a matter of fact, at the suggestion of three U. S. scholars, a non-scheduled plenary session was held late the last evening. Most of those present expressed the wish for more conferences on Brazil, now that Stanford had pointed the way for other universities. No greater compliment could have been paid to Stanford, where interest in Brazil has been a long and honored tradition.

COUNTRY DOCTOR IN PANAMA

(Continued from page 13)

ship the milk to Panama City in big tank trucks, where they have a pasteurizing plant with a 6,000-quart daily capacity. Estévez also owns a part interest in Actividades Aéreas, a small charter airline that operates out of Panama City, making regular flights to the San Blas Islands and charter flights anywhere in the Republic.

However, Estévez' most highly prized possession is an intangible—the unanimous devotion of virtually the entire population of that part of Panama. He is immensely proud of being godfather from baptism to 205 young-



In June American Legion of Panama awarded Dr. Estévez Inter-American Goodwill Medal for his contribution to U. S. Panamanian friendship

sters. They range from children of bullock-cart drivers to the grandchildren of a President. He never sends a bill or accepts payment for services to a godchild, no matter how long or expensive the treatment.

Despite his fame as a surgeon and his success in business, Estévez possesses a fundamental humility and a deep faith in his fellow man. "The door to my house is never locked," he says, waving a cigar. "Go out there and look at my cars. The keys are in the ignition switch, and there aren't even any doors on the garage. In 28 years no one has ever stolen anything from me here."

He also believes in returning good for evil, a principle that won him at least one undying friendship. Once,

while in Panama City on business, he received an indignant wire from the owner of a pasture adjoining one of his own pastures. The neighbor claimed three thousand dollars for damage to his property when a brush fire on Estévez' land burned a considerable stretch of the fence. After his return, Estévez surveyed the damage: 385 fence posts had been burned. Replacement cost was about ten cents each. "Now look, Juan," he remonstrated, "I'll gladly pay for any damage, but that whole tract of land plus the fence around it isn't worth more than six hundred dollars." Juan was adamant, continuing to claim three thousand. However, at Estévez' suggestion he got three of his friends to assess the damage and decide what Estévez should pay. The friends agreed that Estévez should replace the 385 burned fence posts and nothing more.

Juan was furious. "Those weren't just ordinary fence posts!" he stormed. "They were special, selected ones. You've got to let me pick out the new ones." "Okay," agreed the doctor. He placed an order for a thousand posts, sure that Juan would be able to satisfy himself from that number. He misjudged his man. Juan accepted 43 and rejected all the others. Estévez bought another thousand posts. Juan painstakingly picked out sixty. And so it went. From a total of nine thousand posts, Juan accepted 345. He had forty to go. Patiently, Estévez bought still another thousand. "I think you ought to be able to get your forty posts from this batch," he said mildly.

Juan rode over to assess the new lots of posts. His horse threw him, breaking a shoulder. Estévez treated him for two months, healing the shoulder. Apprehensively, Juan asked for his bill. Estévez looked at him silently and got out the record. "Well, there's one can of ether. That's two dollars. Six bandages at fifty cents each. That's three dollars. I used about 65 cents' worth of adhesive tape. . . ." He added up a total of just over six dollars, which barely covered the cost of the materials. "Is that all?" asked Juan uncertainly. Estévez waved his cigar. "Sure that's all. Is the amount okay?" Juan put his face in his hands and began to weep. "Doctor, all my pastures are yours, my cattle are yours, everything I have is yours if you want it." Today Estévez has no stauncher friend than Juan.

The doctor himself once shed a few tears before witnesses. On the 25th anniversary of his arrival in Aguadulce, the town gave a fiesta in his honor. The President sent a representative from Panama City, and the speakers included governors, cabinet ministers, and senators. He was decorated with the Order of Balboa. Estévez stood all this very well, but at the end seven hundred youngsters in their Sunday best came forward. Estévez had delivered hundreds of these children, and the rest he had treated for slight or serious ailments. They were his family. A little boy of five stepped up and made a piping speech of gratitude. That did it. A couple of big tears rolled down Estévez' cheeks. He spread his arms and quavered. "Thank you, thank you all." It wasn't much of a speech, but the crowd cheered anyhow. He was among friends.

Then comes examination of the author's musical abilities. It is not enough that he has created the work; he must demonstrate his technical proficiency to a committee of experts before the Society will take him in and collect the fees for performance of his composition. These committees work indefatigably to defend the *esprit de corps* of the organization (the group in power against the newcomers). I know of a distinguished Argentine musician, now the brilliant composer of symphonic music and a symphony orchestra director, who could not win membership in the Argentine association for a long time, even though she was already a licensed teacher and distinguished composer.

But there are still more problems, for orchestra leaders are generally composers—of works created by others who had to sell them because, even though they were very good, they could not get them played. Orchestra leaders are prolific composers and defend their repertoire, which some of the societies' statutes restrict by limiting the number of works that can be publicly performed by the composer himself.

But, "the law passed, the loophole made." The orchestra leaders fraternally share their compositions. Next comes the problem of collecting performance fees with the attendant manipulations by the collecting agencies, which generally have magician's hands. The recording company then sends the music around the world, with no possibility of further control over its use. The least that can be done with popular music is to institute the system of phonographic recording by the registration offices or authors' associations so the "deposit in custody" can be made without written copies.

It is well worth while to establish this guarantee. Popular music often produces fat profits. The old Argentine tango *Rodríguez Peña* was sold by the composer to a publisher for fifty Argentine pesos (around ten dollars). In a few years the composition had produced many hundreds of thousands of pesos, so much, in fact,

that the publisher himself gave back to the composer half of the rights he had acquired.

So it is necessary to fit the laws to the rhythm of justice, and above all, to reality. The value of the intellectual creator must be recognized, and this clearly requires at least a minimum of sensibility. Fresh new winds are stirring in the world in favor of intellectual work. UNESCO is working enthusiastically for the necessary universal statute. That of Berne, though universal in principle, is not so if judged by the number of adherents. Colombia and Mexico have passed new laws that, despite their faults—lack of protection of foreign works in the Mexican law, for example—mark noteworthy efforts in defense of intellectual output. My country has found in its present President and past two Foreign Ministers the needed echo of understanding to bring about Argentine ratification of the Buenos Aires Convention, signed in our capital forty years ago. I feel confident that the Washington Convention—ininitely better than that of Buenos Aires—will meet with this same understanding, leading to an intelligent reform of the Argentine copyright law, with a series of chapters on related problems: for example, rights of interpreters and their collection, which, in most countries, appear in a sort of symbiosis, if not dishonest wedlock, with performance rights. (There is much work to be done here too). It should also have a model statute for agencies that collect authors' royalties; in this connection the Belgian committee already mentioned will give us the work practically finished. Above all, there must be permanent and at the same time intelligent supervision by the State of the societies' activities, both in the national and international fields. This should also be the subject of a world-wide convention and, as such, is a task UNESCO should sponsor.

I realize this commentary will offend many, even in my own country. But my conscience is clear, for I am not harboring any petty interest. As the Bible admonishes, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

Delegates to 1946 Conference of Experts on Copyright wrote Washington Convention. Seven countries have deposited ratification. The late Dr. Leo S. Rowe, former PAU Director General, is second from right in back row



THE WANDERING BONES (Continued from page 8)

like it to be located on the island of Española, which God miraculously gave me." Don Diego admitted in his own will of 1523 that he had not fulfilled that last desire of his father and asked that a church be built in Santo Domingo for the interment of his father and himself.

For the next two centuries all these relics are said to have rested quietly in Santo Domingo. But a fate far worse than frequent transfers befell them: oblivion and unbelievable neglect. How else can we explain the famous Peralta report of 1783, which stated that while demolishing a wall in the Cathedral, workmen discovered an unlabeled leaden box enclosed in a stone one and buried in the sanctuary where tradition said the remains of Columbus were kept? In other words, 240 years after Columbus' bones were buried in the Cathedral, they were "discovered" there almost by accident because of building repairs. The same report stated that, according to the canons of the Cathedral, the bones were pretty well reduced to dust at that time.

Shortly afterward the Dean of the Cathedral, Núñez Cáceres, reported on the same findings. "It is believed," he wrote, "that the box buried on the Gospel side contains the bones of the Admiral, while the one on the Epistle side contains either those of his brother Bartolomé or his son Diego. . . ." Such was the confusion about these relics a century and a half ago. The situation is partly explained by the fact that the inscriptions had been removed from some of the coffins by order of Archbishop Guadalupe to prevent the bones from falling into the hands of the English when Admiral William Penn (father of the founder of Philadelphia) appeared with his squadron to threaten Santo Domingo.

Then in 1795 Spain lost the eastern part of the island of Santo Domingo to France by the Treaty of Basle, and Columbus' remains were ordered transferred to Cuba. The document recording the disinterment is quite explicit and bears a number of responsible signatures. A "vault was opened in the presbytery on the Gospel side, and lead plates were found together with pieces of bones as of the shin and some other parts of a body." These were placed in a new lead and gold case and shipped to Havana, where they arrived on January 15, 1796, to remain for 102 years in the Cathedral. In 1893, when Spain lost Cuba also, they journeyed back across the Atlantic and have presumably rested since in a mausoleum in the Cathedral of Seville.

But in 1877 the ecclesiastical authorities of the Cathedral in Santo Domingo had begun to discover again. First they found a lead urn containing the remains of

Luis, Columbus' grandson, and then another well-preserved one with dozens of bones in good condition, plus a lead bullet. These were claimed by bishops and an apostolic delegate to be the remains of Columbus himself.

The second casket bore the letters CCA, which according to Samuel Eliot Morison probably stand for "Cristóbal Colón Almirante." Gothic letters carved on the inside of the lid read: *Ill^{re} y Ex^{ta} D^o Cristoval Colon*. To reinforce the identification, still a third inscription ran *D. de la A. P^{er} A^l*—"Discoverer of America (or Dignity of the Admiralty), First Admiral." Accusations of forgery were quickly forthcoming from Spain, but Rudolf Cronau, who examined the casket in 1891, pronounced the inscriptions to be unquestionably very old. Morison—an outstanding authority on Columbus—concludes that the workmen of 1795 simply stopped digging too soon. Excavating from the center of the presbytery toward the Gospel side, they must have assumed that the first tomb they found was Columbus', and shipped the remains off to Havana. If they had kept going, they would have found another tomb containing the lead casket finally unearthed in 1877. Morison, then, throws his weight on the side of the Dominican authority who wrote that the Spaniards "thought to take Cristóbal but actually took his son Diego. . . ."

And the funeral debate was on. Historians, military men, churchmen, biologists, ballistic and textile experts, ontologists, dentists, metallurgists, stonemasons, linguists, decipherers, Ph.D.'s in all the sciences, writers, and journalists have participated. A Spanish academician believes that all the polemics have resulted in a new art or science that might be called "interment enigmas."

At times—as at this moment—the argument has become heated, with words like fraud and deceit fired across the battle line. Dominicans are convinced that the numerous bones they hold are Columbus' remains—a claim that recently received further endorsement when the Genoese Center for Columbian Studies (in the Admiral's native city) dismissed the Carthusian Monastery theory on the grounds that in 1544, or earlier, the body had been removed to Santo Domingo. The Spanish Academy and its supporters are sure the ones in the Seville Cathedral are genuine.

The whole matter would be amusing were it not pathetic, almost tragic. From Valladolid on, there has apparently been negligence for which no one seems responsible. One is inclined to hope the investigation now going on in Seville's Triana section will prove that Columbus' bones have been there and only there since 1509. That seems to be the only hope for an end to the controversy. But it is a flimsy hope. Perhaps by the time this article is published, the Royal Academy of History will have already reported to the Marquis of San José that the relics are not in his factory, that they were shipped across the ocean to their debatable destiny.

"Debatable!" do I hear Dr. Bermúdez Plata exclaim? As far as he is concerned, there is no argument. "The remains of Columbus," he says, "are unquestionably here in the Cathedral of Seville. . . ."



KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

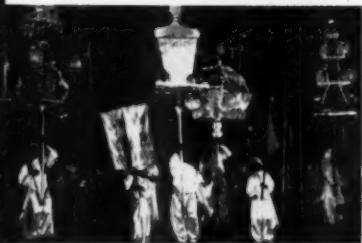
Answers on page 30



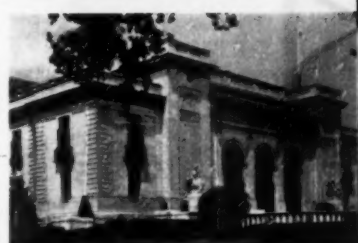
1. Market in Momostenango, a wool center famed for its fine hand-woven blankets. Is it in Brazil, Panama, or Guatemala?



2. Rodó Park, Montevideo, where theater programs are offered on summer evenings for Ecuadoreans, Paraguayans, Uruguayans, or Costa Ricans?



3. Is this *comparsa*, or group of revelers frolicking through the streets with lanterns mounted on long poles, typical of Carnival in Havana, Rio, or New Orleans?



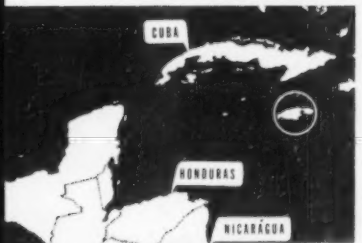
4. This building is a landmark for tourists in Washington, D. C. Is it the White House, the Pan American Union, or the U. S. Capitol?



5. Nuts (left) and seed pods of oil palm introduced to tropical America from West Africa. Kernels of palm nuts produce oil used chiefly in manufacture of paint, shoe polish, salad oil, or soap?



6. Ti Ro Ro, master of Voodoo drums, performs in amusement section of his country's Bicentennial Exposition at Port-au-Prince. Is he Haitian, Cuban, or Brazilian?



7. The circled island lies on the trade route from New York to the Panama Canal and is a major stopover on airline flights to South America. Is it St. Thomas, Bermuda, or Jamaica?



8. Scene from *The True Victory*, filmed in a country which, along with Mexico and Brazil, is one of major Latin American movie producers. Is it Colombia, Argentina, or El Salvador?



9. Youthful model displays a bright, hand-woven *chulo*, or cap, and *poncho* worn by the Otomí, Araucanian, Quiché, Toltec, or Aymará Indians of Bolivia and Peru?



10. In the center of San Salvador's main square is the statue of Gerardo Barrios, who, both as a general and as President of his country, _____, fought for Central American unification.

OAS

FOTO-FLASHES



At June 19 ceremony, statue of Uruguayan national hero José Gervasio Artigas is unveiled. Presented to the United States by the Government and people of Uruguay, statue stands on Washington's Constitution Avenue between two PAU buildings. Speakers included Dr. Alberto Domínguez Cãmpora, Ambassador of Uruguay (right); U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson (second from right); and OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras. Below: Part of crowd that attended unveiling

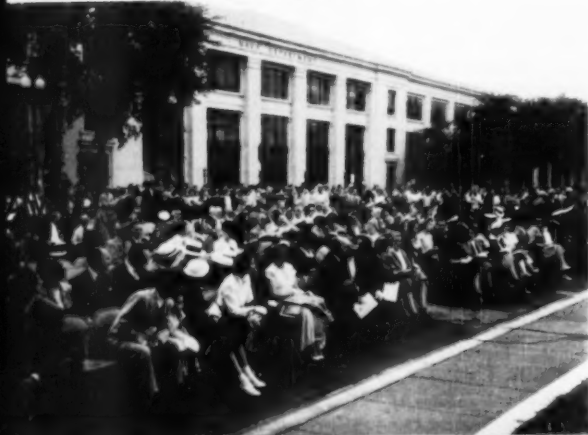


Above: Dr. José Ramón Rodríguez (right), new Representative to the OAS from the Dominican Republic, presents his credentials to Secretary General Lleras on June 16



Opening of PAU exhibition of works by Ecuadorean painter Pedro de León. From left: Dr. Alfonso Moscoso, Ecuador's chargé d'affaires and alternate OAS representative; Sra. de León, wife of the artist; Dr. Jorge Busadre, Cultural Affairs Director; Assistant Secretary General William Manger; Dr. Amos E. Taylor, Economic Affairs Director

Below: Executive Committee of Inter-American Statistical Institute in session. At June 29-30 meeting, principal agenda items were Institute's program and budget for 1951-52, and administrative arrangements between IASI and the OAS Secretariat



SONG OF THE JIBARO (Continued from page 21)

Negro influence is foremost in the *plena*, which, like the Trinidadian calypso, is an improvised song based on a current event. The element of improvisation is present to some degree in all folk music, since it is passed on from generation to generation without being written down. However, few are so completely and regularly improvised as the *plena*. Last week's hurricane, yesterday's neighborhood scandal, or some other bit of current news becomes tomorrow's hit, and some of the most popular become traditional. Alternating chorus and verse sections, with either contrasting or complementing melodic lines, form the structural framework. Two-four meter is most common, while an accompanying rhythm of an eighth, two-sixteenths, two-eighths, then four-eighths in a two-measure pattern is customary. The town of Ponce has always been the center of *plena* singing and *El Obispo de Ponce* (The Bishop of Ponce) is one of the most famous *plenas*. Though some point a moral, many are humorous and on the bawdy side.

The Festival of the Holy Cross in May is the occasion for some of the most interesting folk music heard on the island. For the nine consecutive nights of the festival, groups gather to sing the rosary, the singing often continuing until two or three o'clock in the morning. The *rosario cantado* has a simple melody, repeated over and over, but it is sung with complete freedom of emotional expression. Though Puerto Rico is a small island, only about thirty miles wide and a hundred long, distinct regional differences are found in the singing of the rosary. Usually large mixed groups sing without accompaniment. But in Carolina a guitar accompaniment is used, while in Lares only two men and two women sing. The music sounds unrehearsed, as indeed it is, and quite exotic.

The Puerto Rican *danza* can no longer be classified as pure folk music; nevertheless brief mention of it belongs here. The most characteristic type of Puerto Rican music, its origin is obscure. But it undoubtedly stems from folk music. Various theories have been advanced tracing its development from the *choucune* of Haiti, the *merengue* of the Dominican Republic, the country dance of England, and the *habanera* of Cuba. However it developed, Puerto Ricans made the *danza* their own typical music form, with a certain flavor unique in Latin America. During the late nineteenth century, Puerto Rican composers made the *danza* an art form, crystallizing its structure. But many of the *danzas* composed then have since become so popular that they have almost returned to the folk music category. *La Borinqueña*, composed by Félix Astol and first played in 1867, has virtually become the island's national song. Incidentally, his composition was influenced by a popular Peruvian song, *La Bella Peruana* (The Beautiful Peruvian), adding another element to the development of the present day *danza*. With Juan Morel Campos, Puerto Rico's foremost composer, the *danza* reached its height toward the end of the last century. He wrote more than two hundred of them, some of the best known being *No Me Toques*

(Don't Touch Me), *Felices Dias* (Days of Bliss), *Buen Humor* (Jovial Mood), *Maldito Amor* (Wicked Love), *Alma Sublime* (Sublime Soul), *Tormento* (Torment), *Vano Empeño* (Vain Desire), and *Laura y Georgina*.

The use of three beats against two is characteristic of this musical form. In addition, Puerto Ricans play a certain syncopation with the left hand that is not written into the music, giving their *danza* its own particular flavor and making it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for an outsider to play authentically. The undeniable charm of this music eventually gets under the skin of even the cold-blooded North American.

Taken as a whole, Puerto Rican folk music sounds strange to ears accustomed to music molded in strict harmonic and structural patterns. But the simplicity of melodic line (at times bordering on monotony), the fresh rhythm, and frequent harmonic inflections give the music special appeal for anyone interested in Puerto Rico in general or folk music in particular.



Country band plays for government sugar-mill workers

Very little of this music has been set down in any way. The nineteenth-century composers made some use of folk melodies, thus preserving them. María Cadilla de Martínez has recorded others in her books, *Poesía Popular en Puerto Rico* (Popular Poetry in Puerto Rico) and *Juegos y Canciones Infantiles de Puerto Rico*. The Interior Department has made a few phonograph recordings, and some discs have been made by various private individuals on the island. However, the most pretentious undertaking to date is the collection of recordings made for the Library of Congress in the fall of 1946 by Dr. Richard Alan Waterman, director of the Laboratory of Comparative Musicology and assistant professor of anthropology at Northwestern University. This collection means the permanent preservation of these songs. Nevertheless, Dr. Waterman hoped that his work would be only the beginning of a complete collection of the folk music of Puerto Rico. Perhaps some day the island will produce a composer like Villa-Lobos in Brazil and Chávez in Mexico who will use this folk material to fashion significant modern scores.

HOME FROM SANTIAGO

... Strange as it may seem, I learned more about the United States during my year in Chile than during any other year before or since. When we are at home and thinking about the United States, it's like looking at an oil painting a foot from our nose. We have a good idea about the texture of the canvas and the colors spread upon it. But we don't see the design, nor how the colors blend together. Worst of all, from our ant's-eye-view, we can't compare the painting with any others in the gallery. When we step back, though, the picture takes on new and increased meaning. At a distance we are better able to appraise the artist's work. . . .

Seeing our country through foreign eyes, we can, perhaps, better evaluate its role in the world. I learned that some of my new friends have, with reservation, great admiration and respect for the United States; others are bitterly critical of Yankee manners, methods, and objectives. I learned how much more Chileans know about the United States than *norteamericanos* know about Chile. . . .

I chose the University of Chile as my study headquarters because, apart from my special academic interest in Chilean political life, I feel that Chile is unsurpassed in Latin America for charm, grace, and natural beauty. From the deserts of the North to the lakes and snow-capped mountains of the South there is the widest range of scenic interest. Because Chile is a small country, it can be friendly and intimate. Chile's fame as the home of world-renowned poets, jurists, and historians is only one reflection of its position as a leading cultural center. Despite its intellectual alertness, Chile has retained much of the calm, serene flavor often associated with the Spanish colonial era.

What about studies in a foreign university, like the University of Chile? Most U. S. students would not expect to learn in a university at home what they could learn in a year abroad. But neither should they expect the reverse. The two experiences just aren't interchangeable. . . . Classes in U. S. colleges are designed for the needs of the U. S. student, are taught in his language, and draw on his educational background. Chilean course content and methods are so different that the two systems don't dovetail easily. Therefore, most students should try to complete their undergraduate training at home. Study abroad is preferable as a supplement to, rather than a substitute for, a solid college education in one's own country.

What's the best way to spend one's time during a study period abroad? Naturally, students' tastes and needs differ. Grinding away at the books is often profitable and necessary in the United States. But in my opinion, for a student interested in a foreign culture to do this while abroad is a shameful waste. Better that he should have a general background of the country's history, language, and literature before arriving. Once on the spot his time can be most profitably utilized in visiting farms and factories, schools and churches, court rooms and cafés. The books can be carried home, but not the living opportunities.

To be sure, it's useful to have a core project, such as intensive perfection of the language, a research objective, or several university courses. But for a student whose main interest is the country of his choice, his special projects should not be allowed to spoil his direct contact with the country and its people:

S. Cole Blasier, Grosse Pointe, Michigan

FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED BY Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

1. LOS ABUELITOS Mexican Redova. Victor 23-1486

FIESTAS DE MEXICO Mexican Canción. Both sides are performed with great exuberance and humor by Los Fronterizos, who prove themselves aware of a growing interest on both sides of the Rio Grande for regional types of gayety. The leader of the group is also the composer of these lighthearted, folksy selections. *Los Abuelitos*—The Little Grandfathers—is a *redova*, of obvious European rhythmic inspiration, belonging to the mazurka and polka family. *Fiestas* is exactly like an on-the-spot recording of a back-country Saturday night in potpourri form. With the accordion the predominant instrument, there is much vivacious chatter, along with arguments and an elusive whistler. Very flavorful.

2. LA JICOTECA Dominican Merengue. Victor 23-1524

TORMENTO Dominican Bolero. If you want a record typical of the Dominican Republic, the *merengue*, "The Tortoise," would be a fine choice. Both in melody and rhythm it is completely characteristic. Back in the nineteenth century an anonymous writer called this popular dance the "impure progeny and offspring of the devil and a fury"—indicative of the upper class attitude. Although the rhythm still retains its zest, the *merengue* is now the accepted social dance of the Republic. The *bolero* has a pleasing melody and very slow tempo.

3. POR TU CULPA Ecuadorean Aire Típico. Victor 83968

MUJERCITA Ecuadorean Sanjuanito. A choice recording of authentic and unusual Andean material. The *aire típico* is delightfully sung by the sweet-voiced Mendoza Suasti sisters to a delicate string accompaniment. For contrast the *sanjuanito* features a male duo. As South American Indian music is very hard to come by, you should impress on your local dealer that this may have to be ordered directly from the factory. You will be well rewarded for your struggle by this first-class disc.

4. DANZA NEGRA Cumbia Colombiana. Victor 23-1047

EL REFRANERO Colombian Porro. Two glowing examples of coastal Colombia's most "danced" rhythms of today. The hypnotic *Danza Negra* is saved from monotony by an unexpected key-modulation and an effective choral echo. The *porro*, totally different in mood and tempo, will very likely send you spinning round the room.

5. AQUARELA BRASILEIRA Samba. Decca 18134

NÃO TE DOU A CHUPETA Brazilian Marcha. Like Andean recordings, those from Brazil are extremely rare, so this reprint of two good, danceable favorites is welcome news.

6. LA PALOMA Canción Habanera. Victor 83492

ADIOS, MARIQUITA LINDA Mexican Charapera. When you find a combination of Pedro Vargas, Latin America's most popular singer, and two famous songs like these, you have a real classic for your collection. One might have wished for a more typical accompaniment—both as to arrangement and instrumentation—but Señor Vargas' rich, warm voice compensates for this fault.

7. TU NO COMPRENDES Puerto Rican Bolero. S.M.C. 1245

ESCAMBRON BEACH RUMBA Puerto Rican Rumba. Not for the *típico* section of your Latin American collection, nor for the Personalities Department. It is purely and simply for dancing or for pleasantly tropical background music. The *bolero* was composed by the prolific and skillful Rafael Hernández; the *rumba* is by the recording performer Alfredo Méndez, who is featured with piano and rhythm instruments.

CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. EDUARDO F. MENDILAHARZU of Argentina, who discusses the sad state of copyright protection, especially of popular music, in "Copyright 1950," has had long experience in this special field of law. He was sub-director of his country's National Copyright Registry Office from 1933 to 1941, and since then has been legal adviser of the Ministry of Justice branch that has supervision over civil associations and commercial societies. He has also served as technical adviser to the Argentine Delegation to the Washington Conference of Experts on Copyright in 1946, honorary adviser to the Argentine Authors' Society, president of the Argentine Institute of Intellectual Rights, and member of the permanent advisory committee of FISAC (Inter-American Federation of Societies of Authors and Composers). He has handled many copyright cases and written on the subject for legal journals.



"Who'll Get the Tourist Dollar?"

grew out of author FRANCISCO J. HERNÁNDEZ' and Commerce Department specialist George Wythe's recent ten-week swing around South America. They made the trip to follow up recommendations of last year's Third Inter-American Travel Congress and draw up proposals for joint action to stimulate tourist travel to the region. "Paco" has been on the PAU staff for eighteen years, the past twelve as Chief of the Travel Division, which is also the permanent secretariat of the Inter-American Congresses. He figures he has covered over a hundred thousand miles on the job.



JAIME PAREDES, who writes on Colombian Indian artist Francisco Tumíná Pillimúé in "Guambía in Pen and Ink," is a native of Popayán, in the Cauca Valley. A lawyer, he has been secretary to the President during the second López administration, Colombian Minister to Bolivia, and a member of his country's delegation to the United Nations. Besides contributing many articles to Colombian magazines and Bolivian newspapers, he has a

book on the economic geography of the Department of Cauca ready for the press and a collection of essays on Colombian life in preparation.



With her tropical-forester husband, ELIZABETH SEARLE LAMB has spent the better part of the past eight years in Latin America, and it was her year in Puerto Rico that furnished the background for her article, "Song of the Jibaro." While on the island she heard much of its music, studied the recordings available, and talked with María Luisa Muñoz, Puerto Rico's supervisor of public school music.

Almost a lifelong student of music, Mrs. Lamb got her bachelor of arts and bachelor of music degrees from the University of Kansas. She has written on music topics for several magazines. At present, she is living with her husband and daughter Carolyn in Central America, where they plan to stay at least a year. To date they have been in Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica.

FRANCES ADAMS looked for "The Wandering Bones" of Columbus in Seville recently while on a trip with her husband, Carlos Dávila, the journalist and former President of Chile. They write that the soul of the Admiral or of the Marquis seemed to be in-

tervening to prevent them from photographing the tomb in the Carthusian Monastery where, according to one theory, the remains are supposed to be. For, on their first attempt, when the film was developed, just the part where the tomb should have appeared came out black. The second time, the roll got stuck and none of the pictures came out. The third try was blocked when they were denied admission to the site. A writer, architect, painter, and lecturer, Frances Adams hails from Melrose, Massachusetts.

The author of "Country Doctor in Panama," SCOTT SEEGERs, has just returned from an extensive trip through the Caribbean region. He himself took the pictures for the piece, including action shots in the operating room.



Dr. LUIS CARLOS MANCINI was the director of the "Quito Seminar" on social-welfare problems, of which he writes. He is Chief of the PAU's Division of Labor and Social Affairs. A lawyer and social worker, he has represented his native Brazil in several international conferences on social work. In Rio he held the positions of director of the Catholic University's School of Social Work, director of the Division of Social Work of the Social Security Institute for Commercial Employees, and assistant on social affairs to the Minister of Justice. He has also been president of the Brazilian Association of Social Workers and a member of the Central Council of the *Fundação da Casa Popular*, the official agency in charge of housing programs.

Among our book reviewers this month, Mexican ANDRÉS IDUARTE, who discusses the translation of Jorge Mañach's *Martí, El Apóstol*, is himself a profound student of the Cuban hero and author of the book *Martí, Escritor (Martí the Writer)*, published by Cuadernos Americanos in Mexico City. Dr. Iduarte is now a professor of Spanish American literature at Columbia University. Dr. DONALD H. MURCHIE, who reviews *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, is a fellow in American history at the Library of Congress. He has recently been working on a study of the correspondence between Jefferson and John Adams under a grant from the Institute of Early American History and Culture at Williamsburg, Va.

GRAPHICS CREDITS

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Inside Back Cover Max W. Hunn
Outside Back Cover Scott Seeger

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LA ESPERANTO LINGVO

Estimata Samideano:

Kun plej agrabila surprizo ne renkontis je la Junia eldono de la gazeto AMERICAS vain bonegan artikolon "Babel Moderna." Nia gojo estas tre granda pro tio, ke revuo tiel grava kaj influa kiel la oficiala organo de Tutamerika Unuiĝo, aperigis vian artikolon. No kore gratulas vin kaj samtempe dankas vin por via valora helpo al nia movado. Kun samideanaj kaj koraj salutoj, ne restas, viaj,

Dr. Antonio Alemán Ruiz
President
Kuba Esperanto-Asocio
Havana, Cuba

Readers can test their ability to read Esperanto with the above letter, and check themselves with the English translation, which follows:

Dear Fellow Enthusiast:

It was a delightful surprise to come across your excellent article "Modern Babel" in the June [Spanish] edition of AMERICAS. Our pleasure is especially great because the article was published in the important and influential official organ of the Pan American Union. We heartily congratulate you, and thank you for your valuable aid to our movement. With fraternal and cordial greetings, we remain yours truly,

Dr. Antonio Alemán Ruiz
President
Esperanto Association of
Cuba
Havana, Cuba

Dear Sir:

I read the article "Modern Babel" in the May 1950 (English) AMERICAS with considerable interest. It was timely and the case for the universal language, Esperanto, well presented . . . but there were certain errors I should like to point out.

Joseph Cyrankiewicz is listed as signing the Esperanto petition to the UN as Holland's Prime Minister. Mr. Cyrankiewicz did sign the petition, but the Prime Minister of the Netherlands who signed is the eminent Esperantist Willem Drees.

The article mentions two Esperanto organizations . . . in America, the Esperanto Association of North America and the Universal Esperanto Association of Los Angeles. . . . The latter is the world Esperanto organization with headquarters at Herons-gate, Rickmansworth, Herts., England (a suburb of London) . . . But no mention is made of our Esperanto Interlanguage Foundation, Inc., a non-profit educational, cultural, and service organization which occupies an entire two-floor building here in Milwaukee, devoted exclusively to the promotion of Esperanto in America . . . and has members all over the United States as well as in most

of the Central and South American countries. I am looking forward to seeing more articles on this subject.

S. A. Klukowski
Interlanguage Foundation, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Mr. Cyrankiewicz should have been cited as Prime Minister of Poland, not Holland. Welcome, Milwaukee Esperantists, and all other samideanos.

Dear Sir:

The Brazilian Esperanto League congratulates you on the fine article on Esperanto . . . and hopes that these efforts will be crowned with the result we are all working for.

Prof. Porto Carreiro Neto
Secretary General, Brazilian Esperanto League
Rio de Janeiro

Dear Sir:

I have just read with much pleasure the excellent article ["Modern Babel"] about Esperanto in the May issue of AMERICAS. Permit me to congratulate you. . . . We are in an era which will surely see the introduction of a great many modern and progressive ideas. While Esperanto was an Old World invention, it may well be that its furtherance and eventual success will be due to the energy and ambition of the New World of the Americas. Your presentation is a long step forward.

D. E. Parrish
Chief Delegate
Universala Esperanto-Asocio
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

. . . May we congratulate you on the publication of such an article, and on your public-minded service and orientation to the important problem of a neutral interlanguage for the international relations of nations and peoples.

G. Alan Connor
General Secretary
Esperanto Association of
North America
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

A friend of mine loaned me your magazine, AMERICAS, in which I found a piece about Esperanto that is very informative indeed. As I am interested in a universal language, I wish to thank you for printing the article. . . .

Rolf Orr
Inglewood, California

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.



